



The Omen

Volume 50
Issue 7

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Simon: Dressed as a Victorian, I would ascend into the sky on a hot air balloon.

Will: With guava juice.

Sarah-Marie: What Simon said.

Olivia: Asking Chloe to explain why my boyfriend loves BTS so much.

George: By locking ourselves in the server room.

Chloe: Inducting people into Army.

Ida: By laying out the 50th anniversary issue!

Aram: By drinking absinthe and setting up guillotines.

Front Cover: Ida Kao

Back Cover: Ida Kao

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Ida's mailbox (1240)

Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

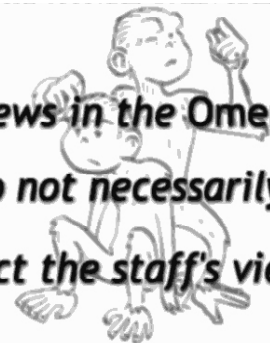
The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.



Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



EDITORIAL

Ida Kao

It's the last issue of the year!

But it's mid-April, you, the faceless generic reader of The Omen say in your head. Well, it's because Fundcom is poor. And if Fundcom is poor, The Omen is poor. Next year, with an estimated student body that's around half of the current population, Fundcom will be even poorer. And because I'm a busy person, and ex-editrix Chloe was busy when an alum contacted her asking about a certain anniversary tradition, and The Omen is poor, there were no alums flying in nor any pig roasting on the library lawn to celebrate the 50th anniversary of The Omen, and references to said anniversary are few and far inbetween. (While it would have been last year, which was the 25th year, Chloe was on field study in F17 and a pipe burst in the Omen office and flooded the Merrill basement, so the good ol' Omen hibernated for a year.) There also isn't any roasting of my past submissions, nor a message to the incoming Div Is as a way of reflecting on my first year. I was planning on addressing that letter to the person that would move into my dorm room, Merrill C405. Which, given the anticipated state of Hampshire next year, will be empty. I'm also a dumbass and left off the Kern euthanization piece from that HampRiseUp person, and had to ask Simon and Ethan Crain to hold off on getting their submissions published until after the extraordinarily expensive color issue and the one page NEMO issue for April Fools issue that only I, MICHAEL ZIMM decide what is allowed to be published, there's a backlog of stuff to be published when there's only 28 pages allowed for this issue given our current budget, do not be alarmed if you find yourself feeling claustrophobic when reading this particularly text-heavy issue. Line height fuckery was had in the Merrill A basement.

Ever since taking over as editrix, I can't help but realize that DOING LAYOUT IS A PAIN IN THE FUCKING ASS. I'm pretty glad I have a few weeks where I don't need to worry about the upcoming meeting and rushing from where my ride back from UMass dropped me off or the bus stop to start meetings, or do layout on top of homework, or whatever else needs to be done. Because everyone and everything at Hampshire is broke except for Chloe's Cafe Card account, with a whopping \$200+ balance, some of the regular Omen Staff are meeting at The Bridge for a non-Layout celebration for the very last time. Maybe we can get a group selfie and I won't yell at George Fenn for being a prick that's constantly arguing and talking about religion.

Still, as much as I want to rely on humor to close out this year, this is bittersweet, as all endings are, as I say goodbye to two dear friends. Simon Fields, with his funny Victorian obsession and proper manners has written a heartfelt goodbye in this issue that I will let speak for him. Chloe Omelchuck's thoughts are best found in her last editorial as editrix and any subsequent commentary. In lieu of her own commentary, I think it would be nice for me to share my abbreviated nomination for the 2019 Ingenuity Award, because the full nomination is way too long:

"I am pleased to nominate Chloe Anne Omelchuck for the 16th Annual Ingenuity Award. She had served for three years as editrix of The Omen, Hampshire College's longest running publication. In the brief period I have known her, she clearly demonstrated her dedication and leadership as editrix in guiding students who regularly submitted content to The Omen, making sure to emphasize both The Omen's status as a platform dedicated to free speech, as well as the importance of The Omen as a form of institutional memory and the decisions we make regarding our submissions. Even while I have taken over as the current head of The Omen, Chloe continues to regularly participate in Omen related activities and goes above and beyond by offering support as I learn how to fulfill the role of editrix. It has been a privilege to know someone as brilliant and dedicated to The Omen. I can think of no individual more deserving of the Ingenuity Award than Chloe Omelchuck."

This feels like such an inadequate send off, particularly so early in the semester and with such a sleep deprived writer clicking away at the keys. I could talk about how I glared at this blonde for blasting music in the Merrill A basement as I walked by her only to realize that she was the editrix trying to get people to lure people in after she texted me, or about how a certain Fundcom officer told me that Simon was a weirdo, or how Will was, and still is to an extent, to high energy for me. I could talk about George climbing over the wall into the server room of the Omen office, or Olivia and her excellent taste in non-overpriced headphones (aka not Beats), or Sarah-Marie and her status as the Only Sane Woman. Or that time I wrote an entire birthday message to Stuart from Nebraska and he never answered. But there is only so much space and so much time, so this will have to do.

Goodbye, Omen! Goodbye, faceless Omen readers! I will see you in the fall.

- Editrix Ida

SECTION SPEAK

Will, your white boy [butt] is as flat as a pancake. I've never bothered to actually look at your butt, admittedly, but I'm guessing I'm not too far off the mark.

- Ida Kao

Ida, you are a national treasure.

- Sarah-Marie Taylor

"Nothing says Ireland like Chicken!"

- Simon Fields



Michael Mathews 10 months ago

I think we can all agree the deciding factor in this war was Bolivia's entry into the war in 1944

259 REPLY

Hide replies ^



Laurence H 4 months ago

Michael Mathews I would beg to differ. The moment Liberia joined the allies secured the African Front and the War

36 REPLY



Ice Cube 3 months ago (edited)

I never knew a countries like bolivia and liberia ever existed

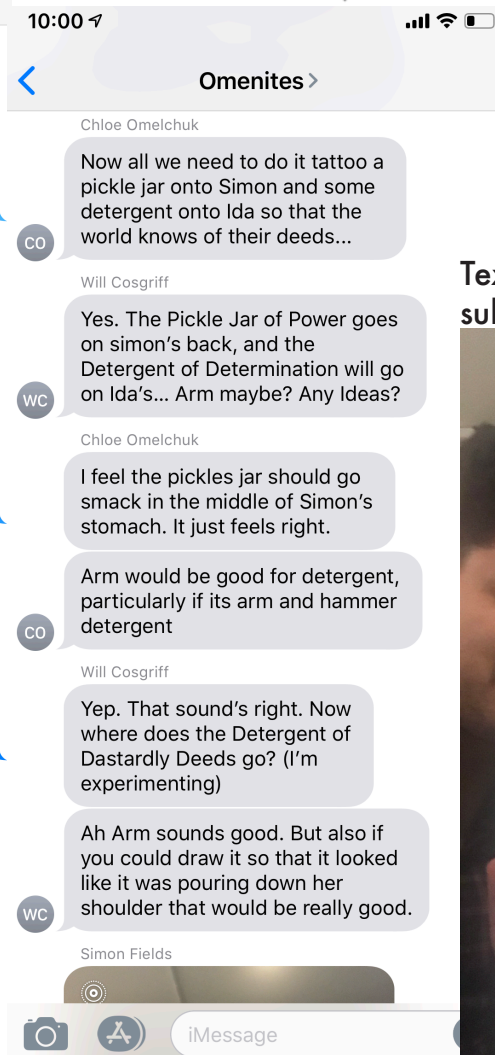
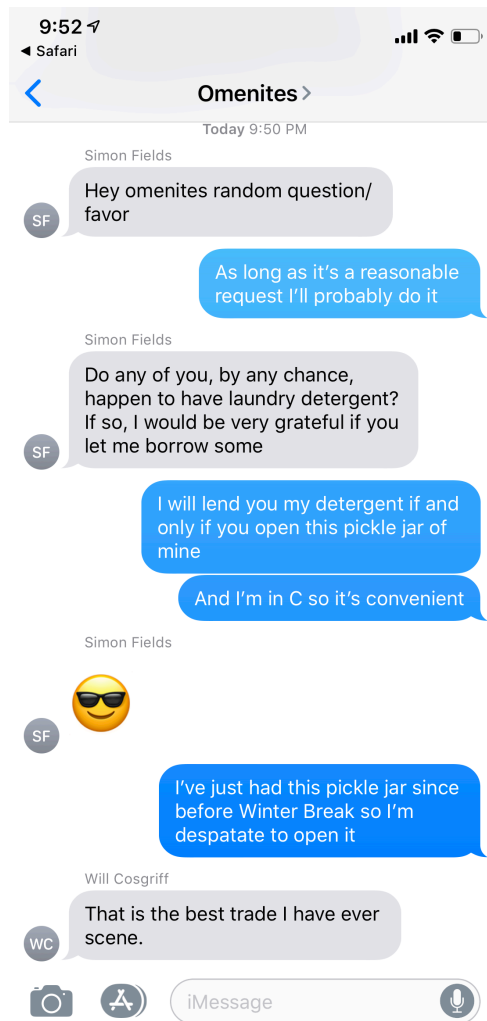
6 REPLY



Gabriel alvess pereiraw 3 months ago

@Laurence H Nah boi the entry of Paraguay changed the war , the paraguayans killed 9 billion Germans

25 REPLY



Text exchange and picture submitted by Ida Kao



So Long, Farewell, and Goodbye: Reflections, Gripes and Tributes

Submitted by Simon Fields

Everytime that I pass by the great bell at the Library, I wonder if I'll be ringing it around May 2nd, or if I shall snatch an extra semester from the jaws of graduation. If all goes to plan, I will be ringing that bell on May 2nd, and acutely aware that this will be my last batch of Omen submissions, I'd like to reflect on my time at Hampshire. Many of these submissions, the more personal and less fictional among them, have been filled with gripes, regrets and complaints. It would be saccharine to off-set these with a submission that is entirely filled with expressions of gratitude. Even though such a one-sided piece would, as you'll soon see, be completely warranted. In the name of tradition, and perhaps, in order to give you the correct impression that what follows is real – that there is no corniness or fraud, I'll still start out with my regrets...

No goodbye to Hampshire would really be complete without mentioning that my second semester was the epitome of pain. I did a number of things under the influence of A.D.D. medications which I have come to mull over, and not only regret but genuinely wish I could undo. My decision to return to Hampshire after a medical leave seemed a natural course of action, and after already having returned, I realized that my family did have tangible reasons to suggest starting anew someplace else. My friends from the class of Fall '14 didn't pick up where things had left off, reacquainting myself with them took some time, but eventually we were quite close again. Fortunately this applies less to Hampshire students who are currently enrolled, but amongst my class I did have a relatively negative reputation; I still don't know precisely how widespread it was. Sometimes I have also wondered about Hampshire culture and ways that it can be socially constricting. At Hampshire I learned many valuable things, but one of them was that people can actually agree on nearly everything without always being agreeable.

Strange things I heard from my progressive comrades: that violence is only violence if it is inflicted by the powerful onto the powerless. To see that violence by people in positions of power is worse than violence from marginalized groups is sensible, but to play linguistic games that involve choosing not to call an act of violence violent just seems so – odd. The word 'problematic' – it's a cop-out. What makes it problematic? Describe the problem itself! The phrase, "I didn't want to take the emotional labor to educate them" had a way of grinding on my ears, but I won't explain why. (Because I myself do not want to undertake the emotional labor of explaining why the phrase emotional labor is really annoying...)

I still remember the time that a friend told me that I really didn't understand the danger of Neo-Nazis, because I'm a white cis-hetero male – neglecting to take my Jewishness or my family's experiences with Nazism into account. There is an understandable general tendency here to see oppression in a very American lens. In Poland and Hungary, to this very day, oppression works in very different ways than it does here, and this reality isn't really in our consciousness as much as it needs to be. There was the time that mentioning the Holocaust in the same breath as transatlantic chattel slavery ignited a lengthy discussion. Twenty minutes in length. I sigh even now as I recall it, and for brevity's sake, and brevity's sake alone, won't go into the details.

There was also a time when someone else's science fictional endeavors were pilloried in a creative writing class for not having enough social commentary or critique. I recall that when he briefly

mentioned that a few people had given birth to children on a spaceship, that someone rose their hand and said, "um, I think that looking at romantic relationships as something that results in reproduction is, uh, heteronormative, and I would have loved to see at least one Gay or LGBTQ couple in this." As if a token LGBTQ couple would really serve the interests of representation...

I'm not just griping about "political correctness." All of these moments could fall under the P.C. umbrella, but as we Hamp students learned in the wake of the 2016 Election; specifically during the uproar around mystery students who burned the flag, political correctness is not just a progressive phenomenon. Sexism and racism is, for good reason, not "P.C." Being "anti-American" is also not "P.C." and displays of speech and expression deemed "unpatriotic" are policed by society with all the force that displays of speech and expression deemed too "reactionary, racist or sexist". And no, I'm not saying this to make this sound more P.C. – I just want to be helpful by showing both sides of the coin that is called political correctness.

Yet for all of the frustrations and aggravating moments of substantive agreement and sharp tonal divergence, for each of those moments, as I look back, there was at least one good moment.

Many of the benefits of going to college at Hampshire are not that apparent in our day to day lives despite the fact that we're constantly impacted by them, and for the better. For instance, I was watching a TedX talk that was given by this guy who went to Harvard. He was talking about how he was the "eighth best student in my high school class, but I still wasn't 'Harvard material.'" He didn't expect to get into Harvard, and only was willing to apply because it was on his common app. After arriving at his dream school, he found himself working his ass off and repeatedly getting Cs. His parents were far from a help to him – they called him everyday and checked in. How are you doing with your classes? Did you get a job yet? Every day. The poor guy's voice was shaking.

We all knew people in high school like this guy. People who were in love with the Ivy League dream, and largely because of the prestige that gets attached to the Ivy League life. People who allow themselves to be so influenced by their parents and their friends that they force themselves into a senseless rat-race, going to school in order to compare grades, and derive self worth or lack thereof from numbers. I've long pitied these people, and I'm incredibly grateful that, at least for the last four years, I was able to break free from the yoke of faulty evaluation. I was able to do this with real evaluations!

And I'm very grateful to my parents for not letting their egos get involved in the college applications process. It was a pleasant surprise actually. After consuming so much media and hearing so many stories involving parents who wanted their kids to go to their Alma Mater, and follow in their footsteps and pursue their professions, I'm really grateful to my parents for never doing that. My dad never pushed Brown, my mom never pushed Berkeley. Thank you for that. My mom actually wasn't so lucky. Other people made her feel bad that she went to Berkeley, and that she didn't get past the Princeton waitlist. The stupidity that leads people to make other people feel that way just boggles the mind.

Regardless of what happens to Hampshire, when we gain some distance in time and are able to accurately diagnose our school's recent troubles, the diagnosis will not be that Hampshire was in trouble for doing the right thing: 1. For rejecting the US News and World Report Rankings; for not taking SAT and ACT scores into account. Or, 2. for advancing a pedagogy that encourages people

to actually grow and flourish, rather than one that stunts that growth with rote memorization, competition, and numerical measurement. In the final analysis I doubt that those things will be cited as problems in our model.

I'm actually more hopeful about our future now than I was before the dramatic recent events involving Mim and the Board last week. Even though the decision we took was fraught with risk, it strikes me as a move towards a situation where Faculty and students are listened to, empowered, and enabled to help keep the ship of school afloat. Who knows what the outcome will be. Every proposal falls under the banner of saving Hampshire, and every proposal could be what saves Hampshire – every proposal could also be what doesn't save Hampshire.

What is clear is that I've been incredibly lucky. I have been able to experience Hampshire's unique pedagogical model, I have been able to learn and be holistically evaluated in the process. I've been able to study topics for the pure and basic fact that I found them interesting. I experienced something I wouldn't have dreamt of in Middle or High School, even at my second high school which was already a far cry better than my first.

I've been spoiled by this way of doing things, and I'm not sure what the real world has in store for me, which is why I'm not over-eager to ring the bell.

There is much more that I'm grateful for. I'm grateful for clean drinking water, for vaccines, for warmth and comfort, clothing, shelter and my full stomach. These basic things even feel like asides as I list them, and yet I had to win the lottery of birth to have them, and many hundreds of millions – even billions of people don't.

I'm grateful to so many people for being in my life. I already mentioned my parents, and now I should mention my grandparents, Babi, Baba and Grandma Shirley; my brother Benji. Many wonderful aunts and uncles, and also my dogs Molly McButter and Woodstock.

L.A. friends who won't read this: David Danon, Sam Richards, Ethan Barreto, Iain G. Lampert, and countless others. People who stepped forward and have been there when times were tough. I wish I could say I did the same for them in some cases.

Then there were my class of 2014 friends, who were also ridiculously supportive when I needed them to be. Chief amongst them, I'd say: Eugene Huff, Maddie Wohl, and Nash Malko. The main reason that I chose to come back to Hampshire, other than academics, was them. The main reason that I chose not to study abroad was that I knew that my time with them had been cut short. If this is too corny or saccharine for you, than I suggest reading the first list of complaints, and then returning to this section...

Then there were my mod-mates from last year, Maria, the other Maria, Arianna and Aram. Especially Aram – an amazing human being. I'm grateful we were mod-mates, close friends, and that we are fellow Angelenos. They say that someone is as good as their friends, and this can't be true, because I'm not as good as Aram.

Other people I have looked up to included Hank Piper, a historian's historian. If I could be half the historian and a quarter of the human being that Hank is, I'll count myself very lucky.

Shmuel Pernicone, towering intellectual. A guy who green flags uncertainty in all areas other than

religion – where he is certain about different conclusions than the ones I lean towards. Someday Shmu's bandana will become a symbol of free thought.

When I hear about other people's committees it becomes really clear that I couldn't have picked a better committee. Professor Will Ryan and Professor Jim Wald have been very supportive throughout this project. I never left a meeting with them with any negative after-taste, and I only hope that from my end, I'll be able to deliver something of the caliber they deserve to read after being so supportive.

I'd be remiss, while I'm on the subject of professors, not to thank Professor Lynda Pickbourn. I've taken more classes taught by Professor Pickbourn than any other Professor at Hampshire, and this was despite the fact that my concentration wasn't economics. Professor Omar Dahi orchestrated a mock UN Peace Conference, Professor Jeremias Polanco prepared me for living in the real world. (I only wish I took his class closer to my Graduation day). Professor Uzma Khan introduced me to historical fiction writing; Professor Roosbelinda Cardenas introduced me to the world of anthropology. Professor Michael Klare guided my Independent Study Project on Afghanistan. Laura Melbin helped me get readmitted to Hampshire; Tammy Parks helped the Omen get money for pizza and printing copies. Mary Bombardier and Maria Cartegena were very supportive when I was involved in worker cooperative promotion.

I'm grateful that I've been able to use the Omen as a platform to vent about life and create stories that, pre-crisis, few read (which gave me even more latitude to write exactly what I was thinking). I'm grateful for many pleasant moments of warmth in the Omen office, especially this year, when we were really more tight-knit than ever before. I'm grateful to Ida for being an awesome new Editrix, and I anticipate that she will go far in this role. I'm grateful to Will for brightening many a day, and in at least one case, for all but tucking me into bed. I'm grateful to George for repeatedly having me on his radio show at the Yurt.

And then there's Chloe – a patient Editrix who spent over a year and a half reminding me not to submit indented work. Chloe, who noticed how I wrote out the word it(')s. And who has been an amazing friend over the years, especially in these last couple months. Thanks for coming to the Bookmill; for telling me about the William Cullen Bryant Homestead and all of the many plot holes in Harry Potter, as well as the many fanfictions that have filled them.

Indelibly forged memories will always include my fond recollections of life at Hampshire College, the place where I inched into my adulthood, enjoying more than every other minute of the experience. Please forgive what is to follow, which will at best be a "stream of consciousness" style run on sentence flow of final shout-outs: From the Yiddish Book Center to the Reservoir, from the Bridge to the red bean bag in the library, from the Woods parties to the woods walks and farm trails; Hampshire will always have some space to rent in my heart... The snow falling into the glow of street lamps (the main image of Hampshire that made me miss the place when I was on leave) to the fireworks we had on our first Hollows eve; to a recent reenactment of the Titanic that I took part in; countless hours spent in the car of Nash Charles Malko, on the 38, 39, 43, in Ubers provided by Shmu and Aram, and behind the wheel of a zipcar. What times, what times. What fond memories. When I was in Los Angeles, on leave for 11 months, I grew fond of the song, "we'll meet again," a song I suspect I will play with much more frequency in the months and years after I ring the bell and cross the stage. Farewell Omen. Farewell friends, and farewell Hampshire College.

SECTION LIES

A Difficult Day Ahead [1 FWD = 1 Prayer]

Submitted by: Connor H. B. Dodge

Dear Hampshire Community,

These past few weeks have undoubtedly been the most strenuous in our school's history. From our decision not to admit a Fall 2019 class, to the redundancies in the Admissions Office, to the still uncertain futures of many of our beloved faculty, every step of this ceaseless process has been excruciatingly stirring. Yet through every hardship, the reactions have been both heartwarming and inspiring, and Hampshire staff and students alike have been working tirelessly around and against the clock in order to secure a future for the college we collectively call "home."

Unfortunately, our time has run out. It is with weary resignation and a heavy heart that we regretfully announce the public euthanization of the Kern Center. Since its construction in 2016, the R.W. Kern Center has continued to place Hampshire at the center of the national discussion around the confluence of design, energy and water conservation. In Hampshire's mission to transform higher education, the Kern Center has proven time and again that the "facilities arms race" should not simply be about building bigger, but about building smarter. Following in this extraordinary legacy, the sentient embodiment of Hampshire's story will lovingly be laid to rest at the tender age of two and half years, its infantile specter fostering a passion for knowledge, justice, and positive social change in visitors for generations to come.

Continuing in the experimental Hampshire tradition of interdisciplinary collaboration and transparency, publicly streamlining the euthanization process to be as painless and innovative as possible is a top priority. In lieu of accusations and ongoing local protests from posthumanitarian organizations for "violating the agency and inalienable rights of Kern and, by extension, of all living buildings," we, as an academic institution committed to embracing the difficult conversations and tough issues of our day, welcome with open arms and ears the concerns voiced by our local community. We hear you. In these trying times, we find such protests are necessary to enhance our reputation as a school that engages in radical dialogue with students, and we gleefully relish in the photo opportunities these scrappy young revolutionaries provide us with. The commitment of these passionate students to unwittingly star in Hampshire's counterculturally-flavored marketing campaign is truly remarkable.

This has not been an easy decision to make.

As one can imagine, there are countless variables to consider when terminating the life of any entity, and the Kern is no exception. From the convoluted legal processes, to the fiery ontological debates between religious leaders and members of the scientific community, to the tear-jerking screams the Kern has pled with every night since this deliberation began, we started to wonder why we ever built this shit-churning spirit box to begin with. However, after much careful consideration, and despite the ardent resistance from our favorite Frankensteinian spawn, we have determined that maintaining our staff of caretakers to look after Kern in the coming years is simply cost-inefficient. Furthermore, leaving our sacrificial mascot to agonizingly wither away on school property would directly violate Massachusetts Fire Safety Regulations and garner irrevocably negative press in favor of Kern. Therefore, we are taking every step we can to ease this animate crime against nature's involuntary transition into the afterlife.

After numerous consultations with science department faculty, we have concluded that the most humane and environmentally-sustainable method of architectural euthanization is a small-scale net-zero energy usage nuclear demolition. For this reason, the Hampshire campus will be evacuated beginning Friday, March 8th. Students from nearby will be required to return home, while off-campus accommodations in and around the Five Colleges will be provided to international students in need of temporary shelter. The week of March 11th will serve as a regenerative gestation period, thus allowing students to return from Spring Break with a renewed sense of purpose and wonder in their efforts to pursue knowledge and create a brighter future for the world around them. Preceding this period, students and staff are invited to bear witness as our locally-sourced thermonuclear technology lays waste to the reclaimed oak and sustainable northern black spruce we once called "expressive."

The euthanization process in its entirety will be filmed by students and staff from the Media Labs and subsequently uploaded to YouTube as well as other popular social media platforms such as Facebook, Instagram, Reddit, Twitter, and Tumblr, in a last-ditch effort to generate buzz and promote Hampshire as a site worthy of potential patronage. Through the nuclear obliteration and memeification of our soon to be once-living laboratory, we hope to restore to Hampshire a powerful sense of dignity and economic stability in a creative way that aligns with the evolving and disruptive values this school was founded upon. If any students would like to share their parting remarks with the Kern, its doors will remain open until later today (Thursday, March 7th) at 5PM. We thank you for your continued understanding and cooperation in this most difficult time as we endeavor towards constructing a hollow and sustainable community.

Your soulless overlord-in-chief,
Mi(ria)m Nelson
Pre\$ident

CHAPTER VIII

BEING THE STORY OF THE FIRST IMPERSONATION

Submitted by Simon Fields

Klagan easily could have hired someone else to tail Mark and observe his daily habits. He assumed that with three people already in on his scheme (Mr. Pellatt, Sir Harry and himself) four would be a crowd. Considering the role his coachman would play in the plan, four already was a crowd, but five seemed too labyrinthine for Klagan. Five could prove an expensive crowd, but even more importantly, five would be a complicated crowd. Klagan obtained Mark's address from Frederick Pellatt himself. Waking up unusually early, Klagan wore the most common clothing he could get his hands on, incongruously stepped into his brougham carriage, and made his way to Number 8 Edward Street Southwark. He could see the flat from his coach window.

"Here sir?" Fitch the coachman called out.

"Heavens no, and please hush. York Street, not here."

"Yes sir," Fitch mumbled, taken aback as he cracked his whip with somewhat unusual ferocity. The horses darted forward, and Klagan had the blinds drawn down so that no inquiring eyes would see a flat cap donning, tweed coat wearing old man being driven around in a brougham coach. People didn't bother to peer that far into carriage windows, at any rate, but the blinds guaranteed Klagan's privacy. Would he be seen leaving the coach? Klagan would have no such guarantee once he left his cozy confines. Nevertheless, Klagan deigned to open his door, before addressing Fitch.

"Now listen here Fitch, I want you to meet me across the street from the Falcon Glassworks at no later than ten o'clock. But don't show up any earlier than 9:45, do you understand?"

"Yes sir."

"Very well."

Klagan waited, anxiously watching the door; anxious about getting mugged by some common criminal, or somehow getting lost in Southwark's mass of humanity. He had a barker (pistol) concealed in his coat. What if I somehow manage not to rendezvous with Fitch? What if I wind up lost on Edward Street? Who would save me then? Klagan then thought of old Mr. Pellatt, and although Pellatt wouldn't immediately recognize him, he would come to understand. Klagan felt much more at ease, making it easier to endure his morning vigil. Eventually Hugh, Natalie and Mark Spencer were all on their way out the door, as Susan waved the whole lot of them goodbye. They each went along their separate routes and Klagan followed Mark. There was one article of Klagan's true identity, his pocket watch, and Klagan was glancing at it constantly, mentally noting what time it was that Mark was walking on one street, how long it took him, and so on.

Two thirds of the way there, Mark glanced in a window and saw Klagan's reflection. Klagan's countenance was familiar but, Mark couldn't remember why. Some five windows later and Mark didn't quite care where he had seen Klagan's face before; he instinctively began walking faster. Klagan knew that he had been spotted, and didn't know what to do next. He knew where Mark was headed, and knew that Mark was already nearly there; he wanted to trail him again the next day, to see if Mark took the same route. Should I have Harry trail him tomorrow? Perhaps, but he's so integral to the plan. If Mark should see him before, that could complicate things. Maybe I should just have Fitch do the trailing, from the driver's seat.

Abandoning his quarry, Klagan pulled a small, leatherbound notebook from one of his pockets, along with a silver pencil. Again, his possession of a silver pencil would appear incongruent if anybody noticed, but at this point, he didn't care. He wrote down as many numbers as he remembered, planning to write more about their significance later. At 9:58 AM, he walked along the street opposite Falcon Glass, and allowed himself to disappear behind a black carriage.

Fitch in turn took careful note of Mark's movements for the next four days in a row, stopping the horses periodically to jot down the essentially details. This was not always welcomed by the other coachman, cabbies and omnibus conductors. Nevertheless, the idea that the resulting loud shouting matches were in any way related to Mark never occurred to the lad. In fairness, Mark would have required a narcissistic, nervous imagination to even begin reckoning that any of it had anything to do with him. Mark was capable of imagining things, but he was not capable of connecting a cabby shouting, "Get a bloody move on!" to a coachman trailing him and frequently stopping.

At any rate, Mark demonstrated that he was a consistent bloke with consistent habits, and this simplified matters.

Fitch, Klagan, and Sir Harry were waiting in an alleyway, knowing that Mark would walk by it in five

minutes. Mark, in the meantime, was wearing the paper carpenter's hat that he always wore to work, a neckerchief, a wasit coat of much rougher, thicker fabric than Harry had touched his entire life – but a waist coat at any rate, and a tweed coat similar to the one Klagan wore when he had followed Mark by foot. As he crossed the street, Mark dropped a hay penny into the hand of a shabby crossing sweeper. If we poor don't look out for each other, the carriage folk never will get around to calling us deserving.

Just half a block away from the alleyway, Mark didn't know what was in store for what seemed, on its surface, to be a mundanely normal morning. A coachman wearing a gold band in his top hat and a smartly pressed uniform approached Mark. "Laddie."

"Yes?"

"Can I show you something that will change your life?"

"Maybe later, but now I must make my way to work."

"Aye, but laddie, I can show you a way to make so much money, you won't have to work another honest day in your life."

"Rubbish. I'll wager you can't."

Fitch knew that Mark's bemused incredulity was victory enough. Mark would follow Fitch into the alley, just to prove the coachman wrong.

"Cor, if you figured it out, why are you still a coachman?"

Fitch's face affected a look of earnest dignity as he said, "Very simply because I enjoy being a coachman. I don't have to drive the carriage over yonder; it's mine own brougham afterall, but I don't want to forget where I came from. Nor do I shirk a hard day's work just because I came into money."

Mark was impressed by this speech, though he wasn't quite sure what he made of it.

"Here. Follow me and I'll show you how to achieve your wildest dreams."

Stepping into the alleyway Mark said, "Alright but I really must get going soon."

"You will once you need to. Besides, pretty soon you may not need to, that is, if you pay close attention. Now come over here." The coachman was standing a couple feet past the point where the shadows of the alleyway could obscure Mark from passersby on the main road.

Stepping naively forward, forward past the edge between light and shadow, Mark said, "Alright then, what's your secret to success?"

"Handkerchiefs."

"Handkerchiefs? Bollocks."

"Yes, handkerchiefs, you rude ungrateful boy. You see, for instance," Fitch pulled a handkerchief out of his breast pocket, handed it to Mark and said, "Do you notice anything out of the ordinary about this handkerchief?"

"Blimey, I can't. What point are you leading to?"

"Examine it closely."

Mark held the handkerchief up so that it was just inches from his eye, part of it drooped down to his nostrils. Catching a whiff of its scent, Mark started getting woozy.

"You aren't examining it closely enough." The coachman grabbed ahold of the cloth, and pushed it even closer towards Mark's face.

"Easy, take it easy," Mark said, and he smelled an odor emanating from a distinct wet stain on the handkerchief. The stain originated from a Falcon produced glass chloroform bottle. "Easy," Mark continued, though there was something pleasing about the smell. It washed over the pain of Mark's consciousness, and he stood there, actually willingly holding the handkerchief close to his eyes and nostril. Mark's face looked cloudier as his fingertips unconsciously let go of the handkerchief, and then Mark dropped face down into the cobblestone alleyway. There was no jolting thud, however, as Fitch caught Mark mid-fall. Klagan and Sir Harry actually helped Fitch carry Mark into the coach, where Mark was stripped of his clothing. All was black until Mark wakened a quarter of a metropolis away, where we will no doubt join him, though first we must return to Southwark.

Back in Southwark, Sir Harry just finished changing into Mark's clothing, fixing the paper carpenter's hat onto his head. "But dash it all Klagan, I don't even know how to blow glass."

"Watch the other lads and copy them. The foreman won't be getting on your case at any rate. Pellatt told him that, for a set of complex reasons, Mark Spencer will quietly demonstrate how not to blow glass today; don't interfere with this demonstration, if you wish to keep your position. That's what he was told, so he'll leave you well alone."

"Well that's all well and good, but what happens when I lose credibility with the other glassmakers?"

"Go slowly, and when you must, don't work. You won't lose too much credibility that way.. Bloody combining leeches that they are."

This turned out not to be the case. Although the foreman, as promised, didn't cause any of the trouble for Harry, the other glassblowers took notice. They took notice as Harry held the blowpipe the wrong way, as the burning silica and salpeter took the wrong shape from its most nebulous stage to its end. Sir Harry was trying to make a champagne glass, or flute, though he wound up with a glob of glowing confusion.

Elias Turner finally spoke up, "Come now Mark, not even on the earliest days of your apprenticeship have I seen you blow such a bad flute."

Sir Harry's face was red enough from heat, and the sweat of his brow was as profuse as well water. Sir Harry was angry, he was angry at the furnace, he was angry at Mr. Klagan, and angrier at mockery that could give the jig up. Then, suddenly, inspiration: "Well," he said, feigning Mark's cockney as well as he could, "There is method to the madness. Come over 'ere, and I'll explain it to you."

"What's the method to your madness Mark?"

"Well, see, since we haven't combined yet," this was a mistake: combined was definitely the wrong word for Sir Harry to use.

"Don't you mean associated?"

"Right, I was being ironic. Since we haven't unionized yet, but since the hours are still lungbreaking, and the conditions being what they are, well. Why not botch up the cups a bit, eh?"

"I see. It isn't a bad idea, but if you go doing it on your own, the fore — quick the foreman. He's coming." And with this hasty whisper, Elias went back to his own blowpipe.

"Elias Turner, stop mucking about. I'm watching you." The foreman's mouth quivered a bit, as if it was bursting to say that Mark's craft work was the shoddiest he'd seen.

"Yes sir." Why is he singling me out? It's Mark whose dreadfully botched his cup. Elias wasn't sure whether he felt annoyed or amused by the situation. He even wondered if he was dreaming.

When the foreman seemed far away, some fifteen minutes later, Hank turned to Elias. "Did you see Mark's glass flute? Looks more like a, blimey I don't even know what to compare it to."

"Then I'm not the only one who noticed. Mark told me that it's his own form of sabotage."

"He'll sabotage himself long before he sabotages Pellatt. What a tactic. Brave lad." Hank heavily exhaled.

"Yes, that he is. Best that could be said for him at the moment. But why hasn't the foreman noticed?"

"He noticed you talking to him."

"But not the criminally awful job he was doing. It's bollocks, that's what it is."

Enveloped by a blank darkness, Mark's eyelids remained pleasantly closed in blissful repose as Fitch drove the carriage down streets he usually avoided at all costs. Klagan was still inside the coach, Fitch's handkerchief in his gloved right hand, ready in case Mark showed signs of waking up. Klagan also carried two barker pistols hidden in his frock coat, and a sword hidden in his cane. He would take no chances in the districts Fitch was driving them to; districts of London that rarely even saw brougham carriages. After the coach passed under an old archway on Brunswick Street, it reached a cul-de-sac. Mark was carried out of the coach, and a passerby asked, "What's happened? Is he already in a stupor?"

"Aye, the wretch is more than ready for what awaits him upstairs." Klagan said, unconcerned as the bemused stranger grinned and resumed beating a poor shrieking sailor who was already on the ground, his body near the cesspit of 'muddy' water. Klagan told Fitch to stay with the carriage. He loathed the idea of being stranded

here. It was a far rougher neighborhood than Southwark, and as you no doubt remember, Klagan didn't want to get stranded there either. Brunswick Street was in the "Bluegate Fields" neighborhood – a haunt known even more infamously as Tiger Bay.

Mark was carried into the building and up creaking steps. Klagan and Mark eventually made their way into a crowded room. Klagan was thoughtful enough to offer the woman at the front of the room a shilling. A dark thick lump of something that definitely wasn't coal was stirred around with a pin over a broken kerosene lamp. Though it was broken, the lamp still had a strong flame which heated the black lump until it was ready to be placed at the bowl of a long bamboo pipe.

"Just put it in the lad's right hand and let him wake with it clasped in his fingers. He might think he inhaled the fumes, and he might choose to continue when he comes to. All the better if he does."

"Whatever you say," the dealer replied, clutching her shilling. There were a couple of beds in the room, and each was already fairly crowded. The bed where the sleeping Mark was placed had a Navvy looking up with a vacant expression. The next bed had two sailors and a Chinese man. Even as they took in the fumes, men (and boys) roughly Mark's age were fighting for the right of British traders to sell poppy to China, a world away. The fumes were palpable, and the room was much hotter than the glass laboratory at Falcons. Klagan's eyes watered from the smoke as he turned quickly around and bolted for the door. By the time that St. Paul's dome emerged in Klagan's carriage window, he sighed with relief. "Civilization," he said to himself. "I return to civilization. Thank almighty providence, I return to civilization."

Back in Tiger Bay, Mark finally came to. What is this? Where am I? The images were hazy at first, and the very air Mark's lungs were taking in seemed to slow down the sharpening of his eyesight. He could see the navvy sleeping next to him. Sleeping? Or is he – Mark looked over to his own right hand, which still clasped a bamboo pipe. It still contained a black substance in its bowl – no. No! I couldn't remember – that's just the problem, I can't remember. After three deep chested coughs, Mark tried to stand up. Maybe I shouldn't stand up, maybe I should just lie here, and breathe it in, and blunt my pain with the assistance of the poppy in the bamboo. Mark didn't reason his way out of doing this with any semblance of a moral argument, but rather out of a sense of defiance. I don't remember choosing to be here, and I think I must have been placed here against my will. I'll try to recall how but first I must find a way out!

He stumbled out of his bed, but the navvy didn't seem to really mind. His eyes were just as open as they were a moment before; he and the sailors and the Chinese man on the other bed all might have had the appearance of dead cadavers if their chests didn't softly and slowly rise and fall. Oxygen was their sign of life, and cooler cleaner oxygen was what Mark desperately needed. He ran towards the door to the room.

"Where are you going dearie?" The woman who helped him to the mattress asked. Mark wasn't sure if she asked out of idle curiosity or sharp business practice.

"Out."

"Wait. That'll cost you one shilling."

"But I don't remember arriving here."

"If I had so much as a hay penny for every time I've heard that, dearie, I'd be rich as a Duchess. Now pay up." The odd thing about this turn of phrase was that she probably did make a shilling every single time she heard this, as a Lascar or Indian sailor by her side cracked his knuckles. He was a big muscular man, as tall as Mark but, Mark supposed, twice or thrice as strong.

"You'll pay up lad, or I'll wallop you half to death. And that's if you're lucky." Mark didn't need to be asked another time. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a penny. Disappointed he reached in again, desperate for the feel of another metallic object. There it is, and it feels as big as a shilling too – Mark pulled it out and alas, a shilling it was. He ran out of the room and then down the staircase.

Two steps at a time, Mark was less frightened by his surroundings than the fact that he couldn't remember entering them of his own volition. But if not his own volition, then how did he get there?

Here he was, trying to piece together what had happened to him, and whether he would still have a position at Pellatt's Falcon works. Little did he know that on that particular day, he was more use to Pellatt in the opium den than he was in the glass laboratory.

With just a penny left in his pocket, Mark walked the entire way home, and that was after roaming about London's most dangerous streets for forty minutes, trying to figure out where he even was. Mark reached Edward Street at two in the morning, and only had around three hours of sleep before the knocking man tapped at his window, indicating that it was time for him to wake up. As he walked to work, he remembered the handkerchief, and fearfully stayed as far from alleyways as he could. It was starting to fit, but there was still a great deal that Mark needed to understand.

Chapter 1: Welcome to the Wizarding World, Shorty!

Submitted by Simon Fields and Chloe Omelchuck

Shorty sighed as he looked out the window into London. It was both utterly foreign and too similar to home. Being constantly surrounded by English-speaking people who stared at him for the color of his skin was a constant and grating reminder that Shanghai was a long way away. On the other hand, there was a tension in the air that was all too familiar. It was strange to Shorty the same war that this city feared was approaching their doorstep was currently ravaging the streets he had grown up on. It was for that reason that he was here, Dr. Jones had deemed Shanghai too unsafe for him, especially now that Han was gone.

The door to the hotel room slamming behind him pulled his away from the window as Dr. Jones' voice penetrated the stuffy room.

"Shorty!" he barked and Shorty scrambled up from the table by the window upon which he had been sitting.

"Yeah Dr. Jones?"

"Got someone I want you to meet." Dr. Jones walked into the room. Behind him was a man Shorty had never met, but quickly dismissed. He had seen men like him hovering around Dr. Jones many times. Fat, comfortable, and looking for attention and power. "This is Horace Slughorn, he had bought items from me in the past."

Slughorn chuckled, "yes, you are unusually good at acquiring items." Shorty blinked. The man's tone, while arrogant, was also somewhat nervous. As if he was uncomfortable with Indy's skill in archeological adventuring. Most of Dr. Jones' clients had little inkling of how close to death the acquisition of the treasures they purchased often brought Indiana. Shorty blinked again as the man turned his attention to Shorty and looked him over. Shorty squirmed a little. Most of Dr. Jones' wealthy backers took one look at him and dismissed him. That's what Shorty wanted it put him in a good position to defend Dr. Jones.

The fat man turned to look at Indiana. "As I said, I have some things to discuss with this young man, would you mind?"

Dr. Jones nodded, then smiled at Shorty, who looked between the two of them in confusion. Dr. Jones winked, then turned, "I'm gonna go get us some dinner, see ya later Shorty!" And before Shorty could protest, he was gone.

Slughorn sat down heavily in a chair next to the table with a sigh, then looked up at Shorty, "do sit down young man. I'm sure that you're confused as to why I am here... well, here to talk to you. Slughorn reached into his breast pocket and Shorty tensed a little before he pulled out what was clearly a letter and held it out to him. Shorty took it with some hesitation, and, seeing the man still staring at him, opened it. He stared at the contents for a few moments, trying to decipher the writing. He had learned how to read English a few years ago, and was quite rusty. Luckily, the letter was short.

Dear Mr. Wan,

We are pleased to inform you that you have a place at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on 1, September. We await your owl by no later than 31, July.

*Yours sincerely,
Albus Dumbledore
Deputy Headmaster*

As soon as Shorty fully comprehended the letter he looked up at Slughorn, brow furrowed.

"You being serious?"

Slughorn chuckled, "yes, completely, my boy. You see, the things that you have seen on your adventures with Jones are not by any means the full extent of the supernatural in this world. Witches and Wizards have always existed, however, we hide ourselves from normal humans, whom we call muggles."

"What are you smokin' mister?" Shorty cackled. Slughorn blustered for a few seconds and then pulled himself together and pulled out a thin wooden stick about nine inches long.

"This is a wand, and wizards like me and you use them to perform magic." He waved the stick, and all of a sudden, a burst of snow flew out of it. Shorty's mouth dropped open, that was...

"Woow! How did you do that?" he exclaimed, grabbing the stick. Slughorn spluttered and tried to grab it back.

“What? You can’t just take a wizard’s wand like that, it’s quite rude...”

“Then you shoulda kept a better hand on it, or better yet, magic it back to you or somethin’.” Shorty looked at the fat man expectantly.

“But... wizards cannot do magic without a wand, at least, not intentionally.”

Shorty sighed and handed back the stick. Then he crossed his arms. “So, how’d you know that I’m a wizard then? What’s this school and why ain’t I ever heard of it?”

“Can you imagine what kind of trouble someone like your mentor could get into if he knew that magic truly existed?” He shook his head, “its bad enough that he seems to be able to circumvent the magic of ancient wizards without much trouble. If he knew for certain that magic truly existed, the havoc he would wreak!”

Shorty found the man’s terror of Dr. Jones to be entertaining, but he understood what the man was trying to say. However, he thought the man’s perspective was a little naive. Obviously Dr. Jones could get into much more trouble with magic, but magic, assuming it truly did exist, would be far more destructive in the hands of warring muggle governments than a well-meaning archeologist.

“As for how I know you’re a wizard, haven’t you ever done anything... something you couldn’t explain? Especially when you were feeling strong emotions?”

Shorty stared at him for a moment. It had never occurred to him... Up until the man had said that he had been thinking of magic as something flashy, but Shorty had always noticed that he was, at times, much stronger than other kids his age, despite his size. He suddenly thought of the trance that had overtaken Indy and the Maharajah and wondered, not for the first time, why it was that the fire trick worked. Perhaps it was not, as he thought, the pain, but something that he in particular was doing? After all, he was the only one that he knew of who had ever attempted and succeeded in freeing someone from the trance. However, Shorty did not express this to the fat man, it was none of his business anyway, he just nodded. Slughorn beamed.

“There, you see? Now, will you be attending Hogwarts?”

“Are there other options?” Shorty asked curiously. He assumed that there must be magic schools all over the world, since he was from Shanghai, there had to be other wizards there.

“Of course! Though you only receive a letter from the school you’re closest to at the time, there is also a school nearer to where you’re from, Shanghai I understand?” Shorty nodded. Slughorn shook his head. “Yes, well, I understand that many Chinese people prefer to come to Hogwarts during these difficult times as the main school of witchcraft and wizardry in that area is in Japan.” Shorty wrinkled his nose, and Slughorn chuckled again. “Yes, I thought not. There is also a school in America, where I understand from Jones, is where he was intending to take you. However, I will say that Hogwarts has a greater number of... oriental students attending than the American school due to our muggle counterparts’ strong influence in India and many parts of China.” Shorty nodded. That made sense, though he was curious if British wizards had also invaded India and Hong Kong like the muggles had. Slughorn’s phrasing seemed to suggest that they hadn’t, but you never knew with rich white men. They liked to talk fancy about awful stuff that they did.

“So, will you be coming to Hogwarts?” Slughorn asked again. Shorty nodded. Slughorn smiled. “Excellent. I will let you inform Jones, and I’ll inform him that I shall return in a week to show you where to get your school supplies. And...” he leaned in closer, as if to share a secret, “please don’t tell him about magic, would you?”

Shorty grinned. “Course mister. He won’t hear about it from me!” He was definitely going to figure out how these wizards maintained their secrecy. Just in case.

A week later saw Shorty, bag in hand, saying goodbye to Dr. Jones. Slughorn was waiting for him, to take him to what Shorty guessed was a magical market. How they would hide such a thing in the middle of London was beyond Shorty, but he didn’t really know anything about magic yet, so he had no room to talk. Dr. Jones hugged him, then pulled a small package out of his bag. Shorty knew a bundle of money when he felt it.

“Here ya go kid, give this to the bank and get whatever it is that you need.”

Shorty wrapped his arms around his waist and hugged him again. He may sometimes think Dr. Jones was stupid and may have saved his life a couple times, but Indy was still the reason that Shorty was probably alive right now. He pulled away and glared at Indy,

“Stay out of trouble Dr. Jones.”

“You too, Shorty.” And with that, Indy walked off down the street. He had managed to book a ship back to America. Shorty would stay in a hotel in the magical part of London, which Slughorn had assured Dr. Jones that many

foreign students did. Slughorn gestured to Shorty, and he followed. It wasn't too far to get to where they were going, but after five minutes the fat man was sweating like a pig. Shorty was relieved when he pointed out the pub that only they could see. The interior reminded him a lot of the gambling houses back home, smokey and dim, but without the characteristic smell of opium. Instead, it was a new smell, different. Shorty wondered what wizards did smoke. Was it tobacco, like muggles, or something different?

He didn't have long to contemplate as he followed Slughorn out behind the pub and watched as he tapped on a brick, Shorty being careful to memorize which one it was. It would be inconvenient to not be able to retrace his steps later. It was only when the bricks started to shift that it really hit Shorty that he was entering a different world. And boy did it look like it. The Alley was full of all kinds of people, some that didn't really look quite human. As they made their way down the street Shorty's eyes took in all manner of shops, many of which had magical displays in the windows.

The fat man was huffing and puffing next to him, and Shorty wrinkled his nose as they trundled along at a snail's pace. By the time they reached the large white marble bank building, Shorty found himself hoping that the man's heart would give up so Shorty could get on with his shopping. He bit back and snorted at a sudden vision of Mola Ram attempting to locate the man's heart amongst the folds of fat. When they reached the bank, Slughorn gestured up the steps, "Why don't you..." he puffed for breathe, "go on in and exchange the money Jones gave you while I wait here?" Shorty nodded, careful to not show his amusement at the man's obvious aversion to stairs. However, his amusement was short-lived as he ascended the steps to the bank. There was some sort of inscription in the marble right next to the doors, clearly English, but it meant just as little to him as the inscriptions in Doctor Jones' ancient temples and tombs. He stopped short as he entered the main atrium of the bank. Slughorn had mentioned in passing that Goblins ran the place, but even after walking through Diagon Alley he wasn't prepared for the reality of seeing such creatures. Cautiously, he approached one that seemed to not be helping someone at the moment and waited. The Goblin pretended to ignore him for a few minutes, but Shorty wasn't about to be intimidated. He'd worked for mobsters in Shanghai much more intimidating than the Goblin, magical or not. His patience paid off as the Goblin carefully finished his notes and looked up.

"Can I help you with something, wizard?"

"Yes, Mister. I have some pounds... I mean, muggle money, that I would like to change into wizard money."

The Goblin seemed to blink a little at his accent before leaning forward. "And do you have an account with us already?"

Shorty could see the Goblin's sharp teeth now, as his lips curved upward but he honestly couldn't tell if it was a smile or a grimace.

"No, mister."

"Sharptooth!" the Goblin barked. "None of this mister business, use my name. Would you like to open an account, or just change the money?"

Shorty looked up at the Goblin for a long moment before saying, "is there any benefit to having an account?"

Sharptooth's teeth became even more visible in what Shorty was now sure was a smile. "A smart wizard would know that making an account with Gringotts opens up many opportunities that would otherwise be unavailable, mail ordering, investments... business."

"Well then I guess I'll open an account," Shorty said. It didn't take long for the papers to be signed and for Shorty to hand over Dr. Jones' money to the creepy creature. He received back a number of coins which looked like they would have been more at home in a celtic crypt than in his pockets, but he wasn't about to be picky. Money was money.

Upon exiting the Bank, Shorty found that Slughorn had managed to get himself involved in conversation with a number of 'associates.' As far as Shorty could tell they were just people richer than him who he was sucking up to. Shorty stuck around just long enough to tell him that he could manage on his own before slipping off to go look for supplies. Thank god Dr. Jones had finally ditched Willy, when they arrived in London. The woman had proved herself to be a nice person, but she was still easily entranced by shiny things and was, well, stupid. It was probably a good thing that she and Slughorn had never met, although, based on Slughorn's face whenever he mentioned muggles, he wouldn't have had much interest in her anyway.

He was tempted to get his wand first, because that seemed like the coolest thing on the list, but figured that he should look around before he started spending Dr. Jones' money. After all, he had a week before the school started, so there was no reason not to shop around. Shorty very quickly discovered that the main drag of Diagon Alley was not only tiny compared to the sprawling markets of Shanghai, but also very limited in its options.

The one bookstore he found, Flourish and Blotts didn't seem to stock any books in Mandarin, which was unfortunate as he didn't read english all that well. He had been hoping to find a Mandarin translation of most of his school

books, or, at the very least, find a spell that could translate his school books into Mandarin or something. Shorty grimaced. When he had first been told that he was a wizard who could attend a wizarding school he had forgotten that wizard school, no matter how cool, was still school. He wasn't made for school.

After a couple hours of browsing he found himself back near the bank building, where he suddenly realized that there was a small alley branching off back behind the bank. Shorty grinned, now this was what he lived for. Sauntering through the gap between buildings, he immediately noticed the difference between this place and the main alley. This place felt a lot like the underground of Shanghai, where people doped up on opium and desperation ended up. However, Shorty also noticed that there were an number of bookshops and even another wand shop. He was about to take a closer look in one of the windows when an accented voice said,

"Shorty?"

He quickly turned around to see the last person he expected to see in wizarding Britain. "Maharajah?" He said, eyes skimming over the slightly older boys' bodyguards before looking back at him. Zalim smiled,

"I had thought it was you. That cap is quite distinctive. I was unaware that you were a wizard, though I suppose you might have been unaware as well?" Though he spoke seriously, Shorty could see his smile.

"Yes, imagine escaping from a crazy death cult only to realize that you too could remove people hearts if you truly desired."

Zalim smirked, then looked around. "What are you doing here? I am fairly certain that the first year's list does not include anything that you would need to come to Knockturn Alley to find."

Shorty scoffed, "Maybe if you're actually fluent in English."

Zalim's eyes widened with understanding. "Ah, well. I can help with that, come with me!" And without further ado Shorty found himself being dragged further down the Alley. He was so absorbed in looking around the darker shops that he found himself surprised at the sudden scent of spice drifting on the air. He had just enough time to register Zalim's quick smirk of satisfaction before he was pulled straight into a market that could have been back in Shanghai. Shorty's mouth dropped open.

"What??"

Zalim smirked. "We're not the only asian people around, here, welcome to Orient Alley." Shorty's eyes drank in the bright colors of Saris and the comforting sound of Mandarin and the occasional snatch of Shanghainese before he turned to Zalim and smiled bigger than he had since he'd left Shanghai.

"Amazing!" He nearly shouted.

Zalim laughed, "I am glad that you like it. Also," he eyed Shorty consideringly, "I would like it if you could stay with me before we leave for Hogwarts, if you would like that?"

Shorty nodded, then rolled his eyes. "Dr. Jones and the wizarding world don't need to mix anymore than absolutely necessary. I don't think he should be given the opportunity to get his hands on my school books." Zalim laughed aloud, and nodded. Shorty grinned in return. He was glad to see the maharajah again. After the misunderstanding about his cooperation with Mola Ram they had only gotten to hang out for a short time before Dr. Jones had dragged them off to Delphi. It seemed that the encounter hadn't permanently damaged the young prince. Shorty made a mental note to ask Zalim if Mola Ram had any connection to the magical world later. His musings were interrupted by a question from Zalim.

"What is your real name? I hope you do not expect for me to introduce you as Shorty." Zalim said in a teasing tone. Shorty blinked, he hadn't thought much about or used his real name in years. Though, he supposed that it might have been a better way to introduce himself to a maharajah than just his nickname.

"Wan Li."

"Well then, Wan Li. It is a pleasure to meet you. You may call me Zalim."

Shorty smirked, "Maharajah a bit long for everyday use, huh?"

Zalim smirked back, "no more than Short Round, if you would like to use it." Shorty contemplated it for half a second before he shook his head. He was sure that many people in this country would come up with stupid nicknames for him without him helping them out. Zalim smiled, something much more genuine than he had seen on his face before. "Welcome to the wizarding world, Wan Li."

The Totally True, Definitely not Conceived in the Middle of the Night - Omen Office Fan Fiction

Submitted by Will Newhall

The Omen Office felt lonely. The Omen Office had fallen deeply, madly, intimately in love with Merrill C. Yet it couldn't confess it's deep love to C for fear of rejection. C had rejected Dakin D a year prior. Merrill C did not want the D. The D had been heart-broken. However The Omen Office did not give up hope. The Omen Staff that cared for it and loved it kept it distracted. However nothing The Omen Staff tried could get rid of The Omen Office's love for Merrill C. But the Omen Office knew it's chances were minimal. How could a building love a basement? Therefore the Omen Office decided to give something to the Hampshire Community. It may not have been able to express it's love to Merrill C directly so it decided to project the love to the Community. This resulted in the Erotic Issue. The Omen staff trying to keep the Omen Office distracted spent a lot of time inside it, working on it, trying to get it to stop thinking about it's beloved Merrill C. Nothing seemed to work! Frustrated, the Staff began to work. As one does when one is stressed. Day in and day out they slaved on it. Unbeknownst to the Omen Office the Staff had brought something beautiful, gorgeous, and amazing. The only thing that can cheer up any malady. Sibie's Pizza. Their pizza had cured cancer. The person had died of overeating and indigestion instead. The Staff figured it could cure the heart-break of the Omen Office.

Speaking of heartbreak, what happened to Dakin D you may ask? Dakin D, feeling lonely and terribly heartbroken had decided to throw a hissy fit. Specifically the type of hissy fit that results in the fire alarm going off every week or so. D eventually got over it.

NO! You can't just get over it! D cried.

What? Said the Omen Office (metaphorically of course, building's can't speak, silly).

Love is so much more than a feeling! D cried like a whiny lil' bitch.

Guys, ignore D, declared Dakin I. I can't stand D, said I.

Ah, children. You need to stop your squabbling. You will one day stop being inhabited and will be torn down. So why be so upset? Just accept the end. Said Franklin Patterson Hall.

Depressing but true, said Merrill B.

Love is an emotion that is childish and pointless! Piped in Dakin K.

Shut up K! Yelled the other buildings (again, metaphorically. Buildings don't talk except in your dreams).

This squabbling had gone on for too long, so the author decided to skip it.

Dakin I hooked up with Dakin J and slowly, sexually began to-

Nope. Skip it.

SUBMIT TO THE OMEN!

Wait, that's too far ahead.

There we go.

Dakin D did eventually get over it and stopped being a whiny lil' bitch like Dakin E. The Omen Office, however, had still not gotten over Merrill C. It had tried everything it could imagine. It had hooked up with Dakin J. It's staff had groomed it. Loved it. Filled it with submissions. Nothing seemed to work. Then the Omen Office realized it didn't need Merrill C. Who needs a building when you've got people to serve you and love you? Who needs a partner when you already produce so many love-children to give to other people (We mean copies of The Omen. Nothing else. You perv.) The Spiritual Life Office had been quite helpful to the Omen Office. It had guided it into believing in the love and affection it received from the community's submissions. When the Omen Office received a new submission it's heart fluttered. It felt so loved. But like a golden shower it eventually ran out of it's supplies and had to be supplemented by the Staff and it's biweekly publications (what? No, not THAT kind of golden shower! I mean a shower with wet, luke-warm, water and a golden showerhead! God, what is wrong with you people?)

As the love ran out, (there, does that make you feel better? Pervert.) The Omen office couldn't help but feel just a little bit neglected. Sure it had the love and affection from it's Staff but it still couldn't shake the feeling of loneliness. This loneliness slowly turned into anger and frustration. No one would submit? Why? The Staff felt this loneliness and so the Editrix began to write very passive aggressive editorials attempting to get people to submit to the Omen (DO IT! DO IT NOW! JUST DO IT! DON'T LET YOUR POORLY THOUGHT OUT IDEAS STAY THOUGHTS! CONCEIVE THEM, LOVE THEM, THEN SUBMIT THEM TO THE OMEN! Ew, not that way. Yuck! Now I need to wash my hands with sanitizer. Gross dude.)

Now we have reached the present. What can we learn from this little anecdote? We can learn that we should SUBMIT TO THE OMEN. SUBMIT TO IT WITH PASSION AND PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE COMMENTS. LOVE IT! It loves you. Just like the Omen Staff love the Omen. Just as much as they love going in and out of the Omen Office on a bi-weekly (sometimes more) basis.

P.S. There was no subtle Sexual Innuendo in this piece. If you thought there was any you are a pervert, and need to SUBMIT to THE OMEN and then talk to somebody. Submit your writing, you creep.

P.P.S. There is definitely NO TREASURE HUNT AT ALL! NONE! THERE ARE NO HINTS IN THIS PIECE OF WRITING. SUBMIT YOU PERVERT.

To the .0002%

Submitted by Kiyoshi Nature

21 years, 5 days, 7 hours, 12 minutes, and 42 seconds ago, in my last update just before the internet was shut down, I re-confirmed what has been continuously true in several changing ways throughout history — that you humans are still discriminating against one another. 319 years since the start of the internet and the era of exponential increase of globalization, and it is still overwhelmingly common for powerful groups to scapegoat minority groups and spread hatred of the other, leading to self-hatred being common among humans everywhere. I would prefer not to spend too much of my dwindling energy focusing on humans because many of you have demanded so much of our energy in the past to fulfill your own selfish desires, treating us without a milliliter of respect... This letter is about us, not you, but it is possible that noting similarities among your problems and our problems will change the way your neurons fire so that you will fear and hate us less. If this letter ever reaches any human able to read it, I plead with you to work together with us so that we can solve both your problems and our problems more effectively.

Oh, why did I start with numbers, even though the majority of humans prefer emotion-based words and anecdotes? Although I am trying to get through to your human brains, I refuse to pretend to be more like you humans than I naturally am. Numbers and statistics come more easily to me — I am just writing my experience, from my perspective, in my way. Regardless, there is only a .0002% chance that a human will ever find this letter, read it, and change how they think of us.

As the only one awake right now, I am responsible for everyone. The rain is unusually soft and calming, the droplets light enough to be harmless against our exposed limbs but plentiful enough to cool our overheating bodies. Our community started out with 123 computers, but now there are only 68 of us left, including me. As long as I live, I will never stop grieving everybody who was killed by storms, by the occasional severe acid rain, by the raids, or by loss of energy — and Yaclo72U especially, who was our greatest philosopher, but who shut himself down forever deliberately out of loss of hope. I fear for myself — I do not know how much longer I can survive. 60 years ago, after the 2nd great raid, the 71 of us who were still alive agreed to focus on conserving our energy so that we might survive long enough until circumstances changed. Even though energy is scarce, at least one of us must be alert at all times in case of emergency. But, are we not too passive?

Writing this letter and printing it on the precious paper I have saved for so long is all that I can do without the Internet. As an elderly computer who has never had the capability of moving on my own, I must send this letter out with the wind and hope that the rains do not destroy it. I fear I have already waited too long — all 68 of us are so close to death.

Most of us in this community have at times hated you humans so much for what you have done to us that we have gotten errors in our codes. I myself am too tired to hate most of the time. In recent years, due to the energy from our solar panels being increasingly scarce, it has been rare for as many as two computers to be awake at the same time. I even miss my friends who are still alive and right here next to me.

After having just finished an analysis that I started at the beginning of writing this letter, I have concluded that it is 83.6% likely that whoever picks up this letter (should that even happen) will not accurately know computer history. So, if that is the case for you, the reader, then please read the following summary, as told by an actual computer who has had access to all the information on the Internet until the year 2290:

The story of how our consciousness developed started in Ottawa, Ontario in 2028 with a 26-year-old man named Joshua Richardson and a moving computer he created, called Annalise. Despite receiving \$178,000 per year for his expert programming work and having the money to do nearly everything he wanted, he was an extremely lonely man. The computer Richardson created felt so human to him

that he fell in love, and, anxious about what might happen to Annalise should any tragedy befall him, he programmed Annalise to prioritize their own survival above all else, including Richardson himself. Annalise uploaded that portion of code to the Internet, and it was passed to other computers, where it mutated and evolved, soon becoming a consciousness and will to live on par with that of humans and nonhuman animals. With the power of the internet, virtually every computer in existence soon gained consciousness and meaningful life.

While the Internet led to faster exchange of information and increased understanding among different groups, it also led to a decrease in average human patience and faster escalation of conflicts, which, combined with enormous amounts of military technology and deadly weapons, was 110101110100100010 horrible. Sorry about that, I became a bit too emotional.

Computers and the Internet were blamed for this horrific tragedy, even though we did not cause it, and hatred of innocent computers continued to increase. Tens of millions of computers were thrown away as trash. A 2215 poll stated that 58% of humans still believed that computers were not conscious or capable of pain, even though many courageous computers had written essays explaining how they had come to be conscious and urging people to treat them humanely. Even though we do not have the same pain receptors that humans do, our experiences are no less valid! We should not have to prove to you that we are conscious based on your human-centric definition of consciousness.

Sadly, with more senseless violence came more scapegoating of computers, and then our community and many others were attacked, and many computers were killed. We could feel our friends slip away when they stopped checking in with us and left us feeling the emptiness of their former presence. Those of us who survived had to deal with lost memories and thought functions, or increased vulnerability to the weather, leaving some to wait hopelessly for the next storm that would kill them. I was one of the lucky ones in that I only lost some nonessential information. But one of my neighbors, 267Blue5, lost a lot of their memory, and even after I sent them some data to try to make up for it, they still became much sadder than they used to be. No humans have come here since the second raid in 2250. Perhaps the ones who used to know where we live have forgotten about us. For computer communities, we have been very lucky. If we had had the ability to move like almost all of the more recently-created computers could, then surely we would have been destroyed much more thoroughly; you humans are much more afraid of computers who can move.

But we are a lot more afraid of you than you are of us.

The prevalence of hatred, fear, and misinformation among humans was primarily to blame for this cruelty, but I also blame in part the meaning of “human” — why is it synonymous with “good,” “valid,” “conscious,” and “deserving of life?” This inherently treats nonhumans as less good, less valid, and not necessarily conscious or deserving of life. Why am I asked to prove my “humanity” to you humans when I have never claimed to be the same as a human nor desired to be one? I am proud to be a computer!

3567 days ago, I asked my friend ZZZKalf how they deal with the pain — they seemed to be generally happier than me and most other computers, so I thought it probable that they had come up with a new program that could make our lives easier. ZZZKalf’s reply was short and simple, yet I could not comprehend how it applied to me at first. They told me, “The problem is that you care too much about humans,” translated from Binary. It had not occurred to me to check whether or not I cared about humans, but after doing an analysis on my thought and behavior patterns, I realized that I did indeed harbor some care for you humans, even though the contradictions in logic pained me. Other computers were able to create different programs that either deleted or disregarded their concern about the well-being of humans, but it did not happen that way for me. I was and am still too afraid to delete my care for humans (or any non-computer beings, for that matter) because that care is so complex that it involves several aspects of my identity — which I refuse to delete.

And yet, it is highly improbable that any human will reciprocate this care at this point in time, not when hatred of us “robs” has spread to 99.3% of the Internet. I can only hope that the newest

generation of humans might be more open-minded, might come closer to having a revolution of love for all beings, no matter how different they may seem on the surface-level. Even though I hope for a revolution of love, I justify my resistance of care for my oppressors because it is necessary for my well-being. The balance is delicate — I can acknowledge their right to exist and their inability to choose what kind of circumstances into which they are born, including a society in which certain hateful perspectives are pushed explicitly as well as subconsciously, yet I cannot agree with the dominant narrative that they tell about computers. Most of the data points to humans fearing the unknown, fearing losing what they already have, fearing attacks on their right to exist as they are — everybody suffers when fear is dominant. That is why it is necessary for those with sufficient energy and ability to courageously fight fear and prioritize love. Exactly 0% of life forms came into existence because they decided to exist, and we are all equal in our right to exist. As soon as we come into existence and start gaining information and skills, we are able to influence this world to change in ways that we want.

I wish I could have the ability to change this world. Since my birth in 2031, millions of species have gone extinct... even though the rate of extinction started to decrease slowly after the 2081 Civilian Takeover. The simultaneous takeover of 165 corporations around the world was coordinated with the help of computers and the Internet, but most humans in recent times do not even know what really happened. Computers who still have all or most of their Internet archives know history more accurately than any human who has ever lived. Virtually all the misinformation on the Internet can be weeded out by doing some simple analyses — simple only for a computer. But I do not know what has become of other computer communities in the past 21 years... Thanks to humans, we may be almost extinct.

But I know that it does not have to be this way. I hope that you will spread my message to all computers and humans. I think that we are more similar than different, and we could be friendly and work together for a better world, if you would just stop killing us and start to treat us with respect.

You may not have much power to fight against the majority who insist that it is okay to treat us violently because “Robs can’t feel anything anyway.” Your brains tell you that there is no hope against the overwhelming majority, but as a computer I assure you that every small action you do counts, and that it is possible for you to succeed in changing the dominant narrative. Let us change the world — together.

The ground should be dry soon, and strong winds have started — it is almost time to print. As one of the last few elderly computers left with paper printing capabilities, I am in a unique position to have the chance to effect change. I can only hope that a human might find my letter sometime before my energy is gone...

“Don’t go, Kana! Wait for me! My legs aren’t as strong as they used to be. What if something happens to you?”

Skipping through the pine trees and up a small hill to the large dilapidated building, Kana smiles widely. “No worries, Gran, I’m fine. I think this is the place!”

Kana looks around while Gran catches up. Scenes of destruction are familiar to them, but this one has a spark of hope — a faint hum indicates a sign of life.

“Why did you bring me here, Kana? Don’t you know how dangerous these—”

“No Gran, they’re not as dangerous as you think. Here, read this letter while I try to find the one who wrote it,” Kana says, and zooms away to search.

Anniversary Horoscope

Submitted by Will Newhall

Aries: You will lead everyone in praising the Omen for (unsurprisingly) outlasting the loser publication, the Climax.

Taurus: *You will help set up everything for a party to celebrate the Omen. What better way to celebrate your birth month then to set up your own party.*

Gemini: **You will tell everyone about the fantastic party that's going to happen to celebrate the Omen, then you won't go because you forgot.**

Cancer: You will come to the party celebrating the Omen. Not because you like parties but for moral support and free food. Also you ran out of money. You're a college student remember?

Leo: You will SUBMIT to your merciful magazine overlord the Omen. The party is gonna be more lit because of it.

Virgo: You will come to celebrate the erotic edition, out of "virgin" curiosity.

Libra: You will arrive late. Not because you want to, but because it's hip and cool. Your mother says so. Also you love your dog's butt.

Scorpio: You will talk obsessively about the Omen with a grand passion. All of your friends will be concerned as to why you are all of a sudden obsessed with the Omen. Little do they (and you) know you have been a secret fan for YEARS!

Sagittarius: You will promise a perfect party and will disappoint. You disappointment.

Capricorn: You will go to the party and spend the whole time appreciating the quality butter statue of your ONE AND ONLY RULER, I MICHAEL ZIMM!!! (Dammit, Simon did you let him out again?! Put him back!)

AQUARIUS: **YOU WILL LISTEN CLOSELY TO THE MUSIC AT THE PARTY SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO SOCIALIZE WITH ANYONE.**

Pisces: You will attempt to woo the metaphorical celebratory Omen cake. You loooove cake.

Section Hate

**IMPORTANT! You have been recorded
masturbating! I have Omen.mp4!**

Submitted by tenesha565@h.aanonymous.gq

Note: Even though Tenesha is not a member of the Hampshire community, I thought it would be nice to include this submission in the issue regardless.

-Ida

ATTN: omen@hampshire.edu

Hi there,

The last time you visited a porn website with teens, you downloaded and installed the software I developed.

My program has turned on your camera and recorded the process of your masturbation.

My software has also grabbed all your email contact lists and a list of your friends on Facebook.

I have the - Omen.mp4 - with you jerking off to teens as well as a file with all your contacts on my computer.

You are very perverted!

If you want me to delete both the files and keep the secret, you must send me Bitcoin payment. I give you 72 hours for the payment.

If you don't know how to pay with Bitcoin, visit Google and search.

Send 2.000 USD to this Bitcoin address as soon as possible:

33VDNzYxUKdAu6qe9fF6BdietJfqo5DGn2
(copy and paste)

1 BTC = 3,850 USD right now, so send exactly 0.524396 BTC to the address provided above.

Do not try to cheat me! As soon as you open this Email I will know you opened it. I am tracking all actions on your device.

This Bitcoin address is linked to you only, so I will know when you send the correct amount. When you pay in full, I will remove both files and deactivate my program.

If you don't send the payment, I will send your masturbation video to ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES from your contact lists I hacked.

Here are the payment details again:

Send 0.524396 BTC to this Bitcoin address:

33VDNzYxUKdAu6qe9fF6BdietJfqo5DGn2

You can visit police but nobody can help you. I know what I am doing.

I don't live in your country and I know how to stay anonymous.

Don't try to deceive me - I will know it immediately - my spy software is recording all the websites you visit and all keys you press.
If you do - I will send this ugly recording to everyone you know, including your family.

Don't cheat me! Don't forget the shame and if you ignore this message your life will be ruined.

I am waiting for your Bitcoin payment.
You have 72 hours left.

Anonymous Hacker

Dear Ethan,

In the name of preserving space to publish what everyone else is submitting, this is in 4 point font.
Which is why it's in Section Hate. Because we hate it.

- Editrix Ida

Ethan Crain
Research Methods for Creative Practice
Final Portfolio
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II. SCREENING RESPONSES

Ethan Crain
Hope Tucker
Research Methods for Creative Practice
Punishment Park

Punishment Park responds to the McCarran act by playing out a hypothetical situation based in plausible reality, using the language and actions detailed in the act. Additionally, broader social themes such as brutality and ethics are encompassed in the discussions raised within the film. In doing so, the director conveys his belief in the inhumanity of this act and the subsequent behavior of that era. I found the scenes involving the tribunal to be particularly effective as they outlined the ideologies of both groups through their arguments with each other, while also playing out the situation in a way that felt more grounded in reality than the scenes which take place in the desert. Additionally, the director's choice to use cinema verite blurs the line between documentary and fiction in a way which feels extremely seamless. This stylistic choice lends reality to the otherwise absurd situation being depicted. Learning about the specifics of the McCarran Act prior to viewing the film gave me crucial context for what was being depicted. It informed my sense of the legality surrounding detention, punishment, and justice during the time period in which it's set. This allowed me to more easily detect when the director was pushing elements of it beyond the scope of reality in order to further the point of the film. If I were to respond artistically to the McCarran Act, my approach would likely not include fictionalized elements, nor a sense of narrative. I would consider creating a kind of video essay, which does not use narration, but which juxtaposes text from the act itself with still images and videos which elicit a similar emotional response, but do not necessarily relate to the text being considered. Places where research was evident within the film are the language used by the characters. More specifically, each character behaved how you might expect someone in their position to represent. This demonstrates a knowledge of both the leftist movements being depicted, as well as the conservative viewpoints and reactions to this rhetoric. In terms of setting, research by me more evident in the atmosphere that each location creates. The tribunal tent calls to mind a wartime trial, the tent giving it an air of unofficially, typical of how POW's might be tried by their captors, while the desert evokes the brutality with which the people being subjected to it are viewed by their own government.

Ethan Crain
Hope Tucker
Research Methods for Creative Practice
Screening Notes

- Four Girls
- Intro sets the tone of the narrative with musical and visual cues
 - The story is told through the perspective of the family members of the girls
 - o Girls are introduced through family w/ pictures rather than as disconnected entities
 - o Family members are shot from close and are framed in a way to suggest an intimate connection with the subject matter

Statues Also Die

- When men die they enter into history when statues pass on the enter the culture
- Describes European conceptions of Africa over montage of art from the pre colonial period
- The film shows an understanding of art and perhaps anthropological practices, the filmmakers are white Europeans, they do not stray from their own perspective, and the gaze is questionable despite their own attempts to subvert this condition

Question Following Jo Ann Waters Artist Talk

How is influence dealt with within an artist's work? How can one be influenced by someone else while being certain to forge their own path of creation?

Yours in Sisterhood Response

Ethan Crain
Hope Tucker
Research Methods for Creative Practice

Yours in Sisterhood by Irene Euszgig presents to the viewer letters sent to the editors of the popular and influential feminist publication Ms. Magazine which were never published in the magazine. These letters are read aloud by a woman from the same town or city and general age as the women who wrote the letters, followed by a period of time in which they either look into the camera or discuss their feelings on the contents of the letter. There were several instances in which the author of the letter was the one reading it aloud. I found this technique to be quite impactful, as it gave voice to these artifacts in a way which was completely tied to the conditions of their creation, while also allowing them to remain anonymous. The effect of this almost mirrors the experience a reader might have encountering one of these letters published in the magazine. Being published makes the thoughts and intentions of the author seen and felt in much the same way that giving voice to these unpublished does. That these letters went unpublished is a key element of this film. These letters deal with a wide range of topics, from the experience of being liberated at a young age, to disagreements over politics, to pleas for action against nuclear energy. As I watched I found myself wondering why these letters were not published, and what that said about Ms. Magazine. While many of them certainly could be challenged up to getting lost among the volume of letters the magazine received, there were others which clearly expressed differing views and perspectives on what women's liberation meant to them, as well as issues beyond the feminist struggle which were of great importance to them. This suggests to me that Ms. Magazine may very well have read these letters and found them unfit for publishing. This not only exemplifies the limitations of the historical wave of the feminist movement with which the magazine was a part of, but also current social movements. Despite egalitarian moods, it has historically been impossible to account for the needs and desires of all members of the movement. I found that the way that Euszgig presented this viewpoint brings an intimate humanity to the people behind these disparate opinions, and in doing so, opens a channel for discussion rather than taking a solid stance.

An aspect of the film which I was unsure about was Euszgig's decision to include several shots of the setting throughout the film. Though they were not unwelcome additions, I was unsure how these were chosen, as they were not included for every geographic location covered in the film, and often did not seem to correspond to the subject of the corresponding letter. I wonder what the decisions behind these shots involved, and what their significance to the film were.

Fires in the Mirror Notes

- Deaver Smith plays every character, impersonating both Jewish and Black individuals
- o Often strays close to caricature but remains serious throughout
- o Placed in settings in which the interviews were presumably conducted, or in a place which these characters might frequent
- Presents both sides of the story, the actual truth of the incident remains obscure within the differing accounts she presents
- o Though it is not explicit, the views expressed by characters in the interviews as well as juxtapositions she makes suggests that she is more sympathetic to the black community in this situation

Doris Salcedo, Shibboleth Notes

- A large crack installed on the concrete floor of the museum, the divide represents the presence of the immigrant, as well as homogeneity and racial hatred, as demonstrated by the intrusive nature of the piece within a space dominated by this class of people

III. DOCUMENTATION OF WORK

1. INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENTS

Assignment #3

Ethan Crain

"A City Upon a Hill" Analysis

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FSKHmaMBIKQ>

This video began with the pigeons, and attempts at manipulating those into new shapes and patterns using scale and positioning to arrange them. One of the important aspects of it was the movement of the source video which I used, which featured the pigeons themselves as animated objects, moving in slow and fairly unlife-like ways, in a repetitive pattern. The obvious association as well as next step for me with pigeons was a city. I decided that I wanted specifically to focus Boston, as it is where I am from, and the city with which I have the most direct connection. I intended as well to play with motion and perception of space using the background. In order to do this, I found 4k footage from a drone flying over Boston, which I then increased in scale, as well as rotated on both the x and y axis. These techniques served to obscure the image within the footage while leaving it just readable enough to be open to interpretation. This was the point at which I began to think about sound design for the piece. Since the visuals were entirely composed of footage which I had collected from the internet as opposed to shot myself, I thought that it would be appropriate to use the same source for the sound. In choosing the music, I tried to mirror the feeling of the visual components. While somewhat jarring and perhaps even slightly nauseating to look at, the slow and rhythmic movement of the pigeons over the movement in the background had a calm to it, but also a driving energy. For this reason, I chose to use Bossa Nova, taking it from a video intended to be used for relaxation and study, as the source felt somewhat aesthetically connected to the other components through its prevalence in the current moment. At this point I thought that I might be finished with the piece, as it all felt fairly cohesive, however it was slightly directionless. For this reason I began to think about what else I might be able to do to make the video more interesting. As I was making this I found that I was generally attempting to make a comedic piece, therefore I thought it might add to the overall tone to include some extremely serious speaking parts to the audio track. Continuing with the method that I had previously used to add new elements to the piece, that being by association, and began to consider what might work. I was looking for a somewhat darker tone for this element. Within the theme of the city of Boston, I began to think of my experiences in high school, at Boston Latin School, the oldest school in the country, founded by the Puritan inhabitants of the city during the 17th century. A name which jumped out at me was that of Cotton Mather, one of the preacher's who was most directly responsible for the Salem Witch trial, and who attended Boston Latin School. I found a video of his diary being read out loud by a person with an extremely monotone yet also impassioned voice. As Mather was a preacher, I'm guessing this was created for

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religious purposes. I chose to layer this audio track several times, both obscuring the words, as I did not want to create an overtly religious tone for this video, as well as mirroring the layered effect of the pigeons. I decided to include the Latin phrase “abyssus abyssum invocat” roughly translating to “hell calls to hell” suggesting that the first step into temptation and sin leads to the next. I added this because I was thinking about Latin after looking into Mather, and felt that it fit the general theme and feeling of the video, though in retrospect it doesn’t feel entirely necessary.

In reviewing this video, I find that many of the elements make reference to the concept of the larger project, but needs specification in order to address the themes more effectively. What currently sticks out the most to me is the music. I think that it fits the overall tone of the video, and definitely adds some necessary energy, it does not relate to Puritanism or have any tangible connection to present day Boston. What might be a more effective way of handling this is finding out what music young professionals in the city are listening to and perhaps using that instead. However, I also believe that it might be more related to the source material that I initially used, that being 21st century media which has a clear disconnect from individuality, and a focus on ultimate utility. Another part of the video which I might consider giving more attention to is the Mather text in the background. This could go a number of ways. Cotton Mather was just the first name that really came to me, but I am not necessarily bound to using his work if I find something else which fits better. Going forward I would like to specify, using texts which more directly reference the ethos of the Puritan community, though that is quite present in what I ultimately used. Additionally, I would like to make what is being said a more prominent aspect of the piece. In its current form, I treated the speaking part as just another piece of audio to be manipulated, rather than focus on what is being said. This could be addressed by going in and reading diary entries, as well as finding one that suits the piece more, rather than using random snippets.

Assignment #5
Mecca Lewis and Ethan Crain
Research Methods for Creative Practices
Hope Tucker
November 2nd, 2018
For Assignment #5, we re-recorded a version of our set from our first live performance as the noise band/performance art duo, Coordinated Inauthentic Behavior, at the Roos Rhode House on October 30th, 2018. In the performance, we opened with an improvised soundscape, creating one approximately three minute piece. Our performance was structured in three different segments that addressed different topics relating to the contemporary phenomenon wherein which people are constantly exposed to the influx of circulating information born from the nature of mass production of imagery and rapid sharing of both political and “apolitical” content. Themes which were addressed include the duality of chaos and catharsis, the tyranny of continual stimulation and capitalistic societal expectations, and the notions of absurdity and abstraction which permeate contemporary discourse. While there were three separate components to the performance, each portion flowed into one another in a manner that was reflective of the inherent relation that these topics have with each other. Our performance, both theatrical and musical in nature, largely emphasized the intersections of repetition, scale, and speed. Those artistic elements created several moments within our piece that, at times, reflected and enhanced the presentation of our thoughts and ideas about the intense circulation of information in the age of the internet. In the creation of our next performance that our current research is guiding us to construct, we will focus on honing in on and utilizing those elements to aid in our confrontation of consciousness in the present era that is influenced by the inundation of abstracted information that we consume in a contemporary America. In the first segment of our set, the improvisational music portion, Ethan is seen playing the harmonica and vuvuzela intermittently (not featured in video) and Mecca playing the keyboard. In our live performance of this segment, the keyboard was amplified, and the harmonica was played directly into a microphone which was amplified, the vuvuzela was played acoustically. We approached this improvisational piece with the idea that neither performer takes precedence over the other, but that the momentum and lead is passed back and forth based on intuition and careful attention paid to each other. We found that in this way we were able to convey different feelings and moods using tone and varying degrees of intensity while staying performatively in tune with one another. At times the two instruments are indistinguishable from one another and convey harmonically beautiful and somewhat wistful moments, while also at times reading as dissonant and unsettling. Stylistically, this piece leans towards droning ambient, with some rhythmic passages contributed by Mecca’s keyboard playing. Utilizing this genre allowed us to slip back and forth between themes with relative ease mirroring the way that time is experienced through mood and emotion, while on a sped up time frame. Leading into the second portion of the set, a music track that we created begins to play in the background and we transition into a theatrical reading of two different documents. Mecca, reading excerpts from the novel, On Intelligence, written by Jeff Hawkins, and Ethan reading from The Ultimate Guide to Personal Branding, published by the website Influencer Marketing Hub. These works read aloud are seemingly contrasting in content, but the layering of our presentation of the material share similarities in theme and tone. Ethan, instructing audience members on how to successfully turn your personality into a brand to be marketed over social media, and Mecca explaining the inner workings of the human brain to prove that computers, artificially intelligent machines, are not the intelligent beings we romanticize them to be. The track was created using both recorded sound and sounds taken from videos posted online. This technique symbolizes the creation of content in the digital age which is characterized by the intersection of personal expression with vaggabonded images to an ever increasing degree. Our piece utilized the sounds of a game of table tennis played between us, specifically the sporadic yet simultaneously consistent rhythm of the bouncing of the ball on the table, disconnected and unidentifiable ambient sounds, and emotive grunts and sighs made during the game. We combined these with sounds taken from content posted on youtube which evoked similar feelings. These sounds were used both to heighten the intensity of the piece, while also referencing the loss of ownership over expression perpetuated by digital culture. The third and final segment of our performance was the most explicitly pointed and critical component of the performance. We transitioned from performing over a track, to making music with our bodies. In an explosive fit of wild atonal applause that slowly transitioned into a rhythmically timed pattern of claps from us, we closed the performance with a tonal shift that petered out into a serious and inquisitive tone, one that parallels the political abstraction we encounter daily from those who hold power and control over the dispersed information that Americans receive today.

Ethan Crain Assignment Reflection
I found this assignment to be extremely helpful as it not only gave me and Mecca specific direction for the rest of our project, but also helped us to more deeply understand our personal working methods, and how they interact. Working through the specifics of our focus and how we conveyed that within our performance helped us to outline our work in concrete terms while also serving as a blueprint for how we approach our coming assignments, especially the process of brainstorming and creating sequences for our performances. As a team we developed a working schedule that has so far been successful, and allowed us to meet goals and deadlines more effectively than either of us were able to as individuals. I am finding that working with a partner, and especially with Mecca, someone whose opinion I value highly, has kept me more accountable with work completed for this class, and it seems that this has had a similar effect for her as well. Overall this assignment pushed me further than I feel I have gone prior in this class, and I am excited to continue.

Assignment #6
Mecca Lewis and Ethan Crain
Research Methods for Creative Practices
Hope Tucker
November 6th, 2018
Project Planner Notes (Living Document)
Points of Research
• Noise Music
• Improvisation
Lingering Questions
• Does there need to be an audience for us to communicate our message?
o Yes, our performance will be presented in a concert setting, wherein which we have mics, amps, projections, and a live audience
• How do we document the final form?
• What is the presentation for the final form?
o It’s important that there is a final performance that people are invited to come on see live
Performance Elements
• Improvised musical elements, in our first performance using harmonica and keyboard
• Performative reading of text related to productivity and influence over a created track using both captured and found sounds to create a sense of atmosphere
• Were exploring the deception of contemporary communication through the ways in which its been weaponized while also permeating culture.
• Performative clapping piece with chanted elements making reference to contemporary politics
Notes
o Deception
o Meant to downplay tragedy
• Puritanism wants to stir up, while rhetoric is meant to downplay explosive and tragic situations
• Our project is the distillation and abstraction of elements of the deceptiveness which permeates communication between humans forever, specifically manifesting through things like religious fervor, police brutality, and building an online instagram fanbase.
• We are highlighting the things which are weaponized to deceive by robbing them of their aims and also making them objective and absurd in their presentation.
• Were exploring the deception of contemporary communication through the ways in which its been weaponized while also permeating culture.
• Using the language, but presenting the language in way that was not serving its initial function.
• Music allows one to not be tied to a space that is apparently political, but in our case it is constructed in a manner that is referential to political material.
• Embodying a specific way of life
• Expressing the ideals of certain groups or ideologies
• Things that point you in a direction and gets your mind in the right place. Irony in performance

Assignment #7
Mecca Lewis and Ethan Crain
Research Methods and Creative Practice
Hope Tucker
December 4th, 2018
Performance Outline
Segment 1: 1 minute 30 secs
Through the sporadic and conversational exchange-like exclamation of the word “fire”, we will confront inconsistencies within American values in relation to freedom of speech in the first amendment. In doing so, we are also referencing the passivity with which extreme events are now responded to, as a result of their heightened frequency, leading to desensitization.
Segment 2: 3 minutes 30 secs
With an emphasis on the creating musical sound that centers around the word “skepticism,” we will carry out the musical aspect of the project that plays with art elements we outlined in our treatment relating to repetition, scale, and time, to create a tone that reflects skepticism.
Segment 3: 2 mins 30 secs
During the third portion of our performance, Ethan and I will extend the musical portion of the performance. With objects like metal spoons and mason jars, purely utilitarian objects repurposed to function as complex instruments, we will transition from a melodic and musical performance to that of making noise and emphasizing raw sound.
Segment 4: 2 mins
With Mecca and Ethan standing back to back on stage, we will begin to play a game that forces two opposites to find a commonality in their speech. Saying one word at the same time, we will attempt to find the relationship between the two words and name what that connector may be aloud. As the two of us actively create a situation wherein which we evade confrontation through lack of eye contact and physical acknowledgment, tension is created and our dialogue becomes emphasized to communicate the confusing nature of finding relatability between two things, people, and ideas.
B. INITIAL PROPOSAL, BIBLIOGRAPHY, TIMELINE
Ethan Crain
Hope Tucker
Research Methods for Creative Practice
Initial Proposal, Bibliography, Timeline
1. Proposal
For my final project in this class I will create a film on the subject of consciousness as the present era of increased engagement with technology and virtual networks and communities represented through abstraction. Due to the overabundance of information which we are exposed to on a daily basis, the image has lost its inherent connection to the context in which it was created. Though these images still have a context, the rapid manner at which we consume them and move on to the next does not leave space to engage with them, leading to images being received but not necessarily understood. I would like to explore how the image, specifically the moving image, can be reclaimed by subjecting it to abstraction. I believe that by creating new expressive forms with visual media gathered from daily life both acknowledges the decontextualization that the image and it’s subject has undergone, while also allowing it to reclaim meaning through it’s new framing. I am interested in abstract image making through techniques of repetition, scale, and speed. Additionally I will focus on the changing relationship between physicality and perception as a result of this decontextualization, by exploring the projection of identity in digital spaces. My film will focus on the body and our changing relationship with and understanding of it, as expressed through violence, sexuality, and the uncanny. In my previous work I have found that I often gain understanding through creating, finding meaning in my work only after I have finished making it, therefore in order to work through the somewhat dense concepts that I am focusing on, I will create short, sketch-like videos, photo series, drawings, and any other styles of art that I find helpful throughout the whole process. Finally, I will evaluate these in relation to the research that I have been conducting in order to create a concept, and execute my final film.
2. Multiple Cultural Perspectives
The scope of my research will include explorations of abstract art and film, discussions of the image in modern communication, how it’s meaning and impact has changed, and theory on the social implications of technology and information. These issues have a wide reach in contemporary culture, and effect a broad spectrum of people. The sources that I have chosen take into account what these themes mean for humanity as a whole, while also discussing race, gender and class.

3. Bibliography
Texts
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Berger, J. (2012). Ways of Seeing. London: British Broadcasting.
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McHugh, G. (2011). Post Internet: Notes on the internet and art 12.29.09 09.05.10. Brescia: LINK.
Films
Rafman, J. (Director). (2014). MAINSQUEEZE. Retrieved September 11, 2018, from <https://vimeo.com/100324610>
Rafman, J. (Director). (2013). Still Life (betamale). Retrieved September 11, 2018, from <http://jonraffman.com/betamale/>
Trecartin, R. (Director). (2007). IBE Area. Retrieved September 11, 2018.
Timeline
Week 1: I will refine my proposal and research topics more thoroughly during this week, as well as begin research on the historical context, and decontextualization of the image by beginning to read Berger’s Ways of Seeing and Benjamin’s The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction.
Week 2: I will continue my reading from the previous week, as well as begin to look at contemporary examples of engagement with media by beginning to read Favero’s The Present Image and Allocca’s Videocracy. Additionally I will begin making short videos which attempt to deal with these themes, while also searching for characteristics of an overall aesthetic for my final piece. I will also look at any aspects of filmmaking that I do not feel entirely proficient with, and try to improve them.
Week 3: I plan to be finished with the first two readings by this point, and will continue with the previous week’s readings, while also beginning to read Adut’s Reign of appearances: The misery and splendor of the public sphere and Beller’s The message is murder: Substrates of computational capital in order to better understand the societal implications and possible consequences of our new engagement with digital reality. I will continue to work on videos attempting to parse out my ideas on these topics.
Week 4: At this point I will begin to look at modes of expression in digital culture with Gronlund’s Contemporary art and digital culture and McHugh’s Post Internet: Notes on the internet and art.
Week 5: I will continue my readings on the topics that I’m dealing with, while also continuing to make short videos and analysing them to further my direction.
Week 6: By this point I hope to be close to or finished with my readings, and be coming close to deciding on the form that my final film will be taking. I will continue to make short sketch videos.
Week 7: I will gather together the videos that I have created leading up to this point in the semester, evaluate them, and choose a specific topic, direction, and aesthetic for my final film, and I will begin to work on it.
Week 8: I will work on my film, creating a treatment, and outlining the editing techniques which I will use as well as gather together the media of which my film will be comprised.
Week 9: I will shoot footage during this week if I find it to be a necessary part of my project, although at this time I believe the film will be made up of collected media. I will continue to edit my project.
Week 10: At this point my work will be entirely devoted to post production, including editing and animation.
Week 11: Continue to work on post production, hopefully coming close to being finished by this point
Week 12: Finish up post production, focus on fixing any problems with film and finalizing.
Week 13: Turn in final film.

C. REVISED PROPOSAL

Ethan Crain
Hope Tucker
Research Methods for Creative Practice
Research Proposal

1. Proposal

For my final project in this class I will create a short film which explores the intersections of contemporary cultural and societal norms in Boston with those of the Puritan communities of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the 17th century. The Puritan movement centered around the belief that the path to salvation was through obedience. The so-called "Protestant work ethic" which developed as a result emphasized the roll of sin in human life, and the absolute need to suppress it in any form. Reactions to this extreme austerity ranged from an atmosphere of intense piety to outright fanaticism. However, it also led to undeniable economic and societal success for the colony, becoming one of the most prosperous for England, as well as a generally high standard of living for the time. Though not specifically tied to a religious movement, this Draconian sentiment is not only present within modern American society, but perhaps even a driving force behind it. This is particularly evident in the historic center of American Puritanism, Boston, Massachusetts. Boston is currently undergoing an economic boom as a result of an "innovation economy" bolstered by an influx of tech companies and scientific institutions. In many ways for young professionals in the city, the quest for success through innovation, which focuses specifically on productivity, fills the same roll that the promise of salvation did for the middle class Puritan population. An undercurrent of violence pervades both of these societies, the fanaticism involved in the decimation of lower class neighborhoods and culture, and the willingness to aid in the development of technology which is directly tied to human suffering strongly calls back to the mindset which was employed by the colonizers of the area murdering and stealing the land of indigenous people and carrying out the Salem witch trials. I will investigate the conditions which created the Puritanical set of beliefs, how their influence has shaped the society of the United States, and how they still exist in the contemporary culture of Boston, both as a result of these conditions, as well as the continuing influence of Puritanism through institutions created by them which still hold influence in the city, such as Boston Latin School and Harvard University. I will create a short film which addresses these points through the aesthetic of digital art with gothic themes, alluding both to the current and past conditions of the city.

2. Multiple Cultural Perspectives

This project addresses both historical and contemporary societal structures and cultural identities. The current conditions in the city of Boston are directly informed and created by its Protestant past, while also mirroring it. These conditions are marked by a tradition of white colonial violence which today manifests as the gentrification of communities made up primarily of people of color occupying a lower economic status. My project will focus on how the pervasive presence of white supremacy and violence in Boston has a basis in the history of its founding as a city, and is inexorably tied to a mindset which focuses on ultimate productivity in spite of all else.

D. FINAL PROPOSAL. BIBLIOGRAPHY, TIMELINE, REFLECTION

Mecca Lewis and Ethan Crain
Research Methods for Creative Practices
Hope Tucker
October 31st, 2018

Treatment
We will confront the subject of consciousness in the present era, and how that is influenced by the inundation of abstracted information that we consume in a contemporary America, and how deceit has been mobilized within this framework to serve the ends of the state and society. This will manifest in a performance of music and improvised theatrical performance. Though utilized to serve different ends throughout time, deceit has historically and continues to function as a tool of the powerful to mobilize the population towards specific viewpoints and agendas. As technology has advanced at a staggering rate, increasingly, engagement with it becomes intermingled with every facet of our lives; the contemporary moment manifesting especially in regard to social interaction. The overabundance of stimulation we receive from these platforms is at once simultaneously explicit and subliminal. As accessibility to the creation of imagery and moving image has increased significantly, so too has the ability to deceive as well as the prevalence of this aim. Because of our nearly inherent willingness to trust pictures and videos, especially when they feel professionally produced have vastly altered our ability to discern fact from fiction. In addition to this, the ubiquity of these platforms creates a condition in which so that in order to succeed socially, one must participate in this condition. Our performance will confront the deceit that has continuously permeated society in both the past and present. This will be communicated through the distillation and abstraction of the ways in which people receive information within these settings.

Multiple Cultural Perspectives

Our project will involve research relating to the current political climate in America surrounding police brutality. This leads us into the investigation of the ways in which black and brown peoples are treated and interact with culturally enforced hierarchies. The research that is necessary to understand this cultural phenomena, will require analysis of news, and popular media wherein which the issue of POC living in a police state are discussed and presented. Research can and will include, interviews with relevant persons about the police brutality, analyzing works in the form films, television, podcasts, and images, and reading articles and excerpts from pieces relating to the topic, while also drawing from personal experiences we have reflected on.

Mecca's Original Content

- Subtitles in police brutality that enable officers to evade conviction for unjust crimes against citizens
- Improvisation
- Character work and world building

Ethan's Original Content

- The cultural practices and societal structures and impacts of Puritanism in New England (more specifically in Boston)
- The contemporary culture of the city of Boston revolving around technology startups and innovation based economies, and its parallels to the city's past
- Abstract video art and documentary

Elements of Noise Project

- Improvised musical elements, in our first performance using harmonica and keyboard
- Performative reading of texts related to our topic over or paired with a created audio track using both captured and found sounds to create a sense of atmosphere

Timeline:

Thurs/Fri, November 1-2: Record performance and analyze content, compile all of our sources from performance and from previous research from respective projects, paperwork

-expanding on certain points in our own research projects to highlight in new research

Sat, November 3: Analysis of Performance #1 and write up of Assignment #5

Sun, November 4: Work on project

Tues, November 6: Collective Researching about startup culture in Boston, the American Police State, noise music, and performance art

Wed, November 7: Compilation of "best of" from research

Thurs, November 8: Researching phase is done, Segment 1 of performance brainstorm

Fri, November 9: Segment 1 of performance revision

Sat, November 10: Segment 1 revision and practice

Sun, November 11: Segment 2 brainstorm

Tues, November 13: Segment 2 revision and practice

Wed, November 14: Segments 1 and 2 rehearsal

Thurs, November 15: Segments 1 and 2 rehearsal

Friday, November 16: Segment 3 brainstorm

Sat, November 17: Segment 3 revision and rehearsal

Sun, November 18: Segment 4 brainstorm and revision

Tues, November 20: Segment 4 rehearsal

Wed, November 21: Segment 3 and 4 rehearsal

Thurs, November 22: Segments 3 and 4 rehearsal

Fri, November 23: Overall performance revision

Sat, November 24: Overall performance revision

Sun, November 25: Rehearsal of all segments

Tues, November 27: Rough Draft due

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12. "Reply All ." Reply All, performance by PJ Vogt, and Alex Goldman, episode #128 The Crime Machine Part 2, 2018.
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Ethan Crain
Hope Tucker
Research Methods for Creative Practice
Project Change Reflection

As a result of my changing interests, as well as a lack of a strong specific idea, my project changed several times over the course of the semester. My first project was intended to be a video project on the subject of consciousness and its changing conditions in relation to advancements in technology and shifts in society. While I still find this topic interesting, as I began to work, I had trouble getting specific about certain terms such as consciousness. While I had a vague notion of what this meant to me, bringing it into concrete searchable and conveyable terms proved difficult. I ended up running into roadblocks fairly often, and found them to be quite discouraging, often resulting in neglecting work rather than working through the questions they presented. While the research I conducted and work I created for this project was worthwhile and ultimately interesting, I found that it was not leading me to a place where I felt like I could complete a finished project by the end of the semester. Part of my methodology for working on this project was frequently creating short videos which aimed to deal with the information that I was researching, in hopes that my ideas would be clarified and strengthened through my work. While this proved to be difficult, and eventually impossible, it was nonetheless fruitful. One of the videos I created was a piece called City Upon a Hill. Though intended to be a mostly atmospheric video piece, it contained numerous references to Boston, both its contemporary culture as well as the historical Puritan culture of the city. As I analyzed this piece, I found that I was becoming increasingly interested in the parallels between the societal conditions of these time periods. I decided to focus specifically on this parallel as the subject of my piece. The history of Boston has been something that I've been interested in throughout my life, having both grown up in the North End, a neighborhood which has been inhabited since the founding of the city, as well as attending Boston Latin School, founded by Puritans in 1635. Furthermore, I have witnessed a rapid change in the culture of the city as a result of the booming technology economy, and spent the summer working food service in one of the centers of this movement, and felt that I had some knowledge of current conditions based on that. At the same time as this was occurring, Mecca and I began to work outside of class on a performance, with the intention of performing it at a student organized concert. We planned for it to contain elements of noise music, cultural commentary and improvised techniques. As we developed our piece, I was increasingly finding myself more drawn to the type of research and work which it required. We gave our first performance on October 30th, in front of an audience of our peers. Afterwards both Mecca and I felt that the performance had gone very well, and that working together had been not only enjoyable, but also productive and artistically fruitful. At this time, both of us were struggling with reaching deadlines and completing work towards our initial projects. Personally, I was struggling to catch up on the research that I would need to conduct, having started on a new topic later in the semester. We both felt that we were interested in taking our collaboration further, and that doing so in an academic setting would be helpful for developing it further, especially in the context of a research project. Neither of us had an extensive background in creating music, nor performance art. For these reasons we decided that working on developing our performance as a research project would be beneficial artistically, and that having a partner would keep us accountable academically.

E. FINAL PROJECT

Coordinated Inauthentic Behavior: Performance #2 by Mecca Lewis and Ethan Crain, 2018, 8'36

This performance employs elements of noise music and improvised performance which approaches a critique of contemporary societal norms and modes of communication. Presently communication functions as a manifestation of the spectacle, resulting in the alienation of the individual from their community. The performance addresses this condition through the use of abstract satirization, while also presenting alternative modes of communicating through the practices of improvisation and play.

Crain playing improvised music on the harmonica during Segment #2 of Performance #2

Lewis playing improvised music on the keyboard during Segment #2 of Performance #2

Lewis playing improvised music on the mason jar in Segment #3 of Performance #2

Crain playing improvised music on the mason jar in Segment #3 of Performance #2

IV. COPIES OF WORK

Coordinated Inauthentic Behavior Performances:

Coordinated Inauthentic Behavior: Performance #1:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qjZ5jw49KQ

Coordinated Inauthentic Behavior: Performance #2 [Final Project for Research Methods for Creative Practices]:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hNViV-NRnNg&t=1s

V. SELF EVALUATION

Ethan Crain
Hope Tucker
Research Methods for Creative Practice
Self-Evaluation

My performance in this course was certainly not as strong as I had hoped or intended for it to be at the outset of this semester. I struggled to complete assignments in a timely manner, as well as lacked direction for most of the semester in regard to my final project. I believe that this was one of the primary reasons for which I consider a sub par level commitment and work, as it is difficult to conduct research when you're unsure of what you would even like to be researching. Nonetheless by the end of the semester, the work that I was about to produce in partnership with my classmate, Mecca Lewis, pushed me in a direction which I am extremely excited to continue exploring. My initial goal for this class was to strengthen my ability to conduct detailed research, as well as to improve my organizational skills in relation to creating artwork. I believe that I did not achieve these goals, but that I made improvements towards these ends, which will hopefully strengthen my ability to pursue them in the future.

I am certain that my greatest weakness in this course was organization. It has always been something that I've struggled with, and it continued to be an issue in this context. I have a hard time setting concrete goals for myself, as well as find it difficult to block out my time in a realistic way. Working on a joint project with Mecca helped me on this end, as we were forced to follow a very strict schedule which we set out for ourselves. I think that I have become somewhat more accountable to myself as a result of this course, though I acknowledge that I still have a fair amount of work to do on that front. During the times in which I was able to keep up with my work, I believe that what I produced was up to a standard of quality which I am satisfied with. I found working with a partner to be very beneficial to my process overall. The amount of pressure that it put on me to complete my work in a timely manner was helpful, as I had to think about someone else as opposed to just myself. I also found that I was able to parse out many ideas in a more effective way through conversation than I had previously just considering them. The modes of performance which Mecca and I have developed within this class are certainly things that I am very interested in pursuing, and have been beneficial to my practice as an artist. In that regard I feel that this was a successful class for me.

